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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Germany's Counter-Revolution

By William Marion Reedy

SATURDAY morning last the long anticipated German counter-revolution came off, and rather tamely at that, all things considered. Exactly what happened and how is hard to make out from the confusions and contradictions of the censored cablegrams.

The Ebert government removed to Stuttgart after the President had called a general strike in protest against the taking over of authority by the faction supported by the military. The workers responded to the call at once. The strike was on and the usurping government found itself in a paralyzed Berlin with rations for not more than eight days. The country's transportation system, demoralized since the armistice, was tied up at once. There were but small sporadic rallies to the reactionaries who came into power. That power was not very real. Two days have shown it to be precarious and three brought the counter-revolution to a state in which it took on some of the aspects of *opera bouffe*.

The first thing the new chancellor, Dr. Kapp, did was apparently to begin to make terms with the fled President Ebert. He declared that the revolution was not monarchial. Its aim was only efficiency and honesty. It proposed to carry out all the terms of the peace treaty, so far as humanly possible. This seemingly did not appeal to anything in the people but their sense of humor. The revolution began to look like a joke. The Ebert government proved to be much better articulated than was expected. All its parts were in close touch, after the first shock of the upheaval. The constitutional authorities were not taken by surprise. They knew what was coming but they didn't have time to prepare to meet it, or else they thought it best to retire and let the revolution do itself up as a case of "indecent exposure."

The new government has not displayed any particular ability or originality. It seems chiefly to talk a great deal. The new revolution's 8,000 markets in Berlin were not of avail against the strike, which showed pretty conclusively that the people generally are against the new regime. The Ebert government evidently is determined not to make terms with Kapp's government. The National assembly was due to meet on Wednesday afternoon. The indications were on Tuesday that the meeting would not be prevented or even postponed. It will be held at Stuttgart. Proof accumulates that the Kapp government wants to bargain its way out of its predicament, or effect some sort of compromise with Ebert, Bauer, Noske and others. It looks as if the Kapp element would be content to withdraw if it could secure some representation in the

Ebert cabinet and indeed there are some persons who think the whole affair was a *ballon d'essai*, a gesture to "feel out" the population as to how far it would go with or stand for a real attempt to restore the old Kaiserian elements. It is thought that Kapp and his fellows were put forward while stronger men remained in the background. Major General von Luettwitz, who led the troops into Berlin, did not do things very magnificently. He's no von Hindenburg or von Ludendorff. Neither the populace nor the greater part of the soldiery rose to his leadership.

There appears to have been bloodshed at Leipsic, Hamburg and other places. In some towns it is reported that soviets have been set up by the workers, but these reports have not been authenticated. A rather close reading of the chaotic dispatches leads to the conclusion that nowhere has there been any rally of the people to the newly established provisional government. The counter-revolution may be consolidating what it has taken, but the censored dispatches do not indicate it. The Kapp government says the whole Ebert government will come to Berlin to surrender within forty-eight hours, but the Ebert government declares it has the situation well in hand throughout all Germany. It relies upon the spread of the general strike to do what might be done by soldiers.

General European opinion is that the Kaiser and his sons have had nothing to do, directly at least, with the counter-revolution. According to all accounts the Supreme Council of the Allies has not been unduly excited by the events in Berlin. Subject, of course, to later and better knowledge, the best one can make out of the confusion is that the uprising is likely to collapse of its own weight and—stupidity. The Ebert government will probably hold an election for President, supposedly by popular vote rather than by vote of the assembly. Von Hindenburg has advised this. He is said also to have advised Chancellor Kapp to withdraw. If von Hindenburg isn't with Kapp that worthy can have very little backing that counts. Von Hindenburg is the most popular man in non-Socialist Germany. He has been generally spoken of for the presidency. If he should be elected the monarchy might, in time, come back through him, but this cannot happen by way of Kapp. Thus far the whole affair has been what we call "a flash in the pan." It means nothing really important, as to the League of Nations, a conjunction between Russia and Germany, or anything like that, unless Ignatius Tribich Lincoln, the ex-spy and present Kapp censor, is keeping important news from the outside world.

The Strike of School Teachers

By William Marion Reedy

THE St. Louis Board of Education declares unanimously that it will not appoint as members of the teaching staff of the public schools any teachers who may be discovered to have joined a trades union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The Board has no objection to the teachers organizing for their own betterment, but the teachers must not organize to enforce their demands for better pay.

The St. Louis public school teachers have asked better pay out of the funds raised by a tax the people voted upon themselves for that purpose. The Board has granted an increase, tentatively, less than the increase the teachers seek. The Board will not confer with the teachers. The Superintendent will not consult with them. Is it any wonder the teachers think about joining a trades union as a means of securing sympathetic support of their demands by the whole force of union labor. They are told that if they join the union they will lose their places. The Board of Education has nothing to arbitrate. It will not listen to any proposal of collective bargaining. It will permit only such organization of teachers as the Board completely controls. By such declarations the Board hopes to break the teachers before the strike occurs. This is the Board's clever interpretation of the teachers' freedom of contract.

The Board of Education says the teachers' sole duty is to the public. They cannot ally themselves with any organization except the Board of Education and only in subordination to that. The teachers have a duty to themselves. They have to maintain themselves in a state of efficiency to teach. They have to maintain their self respect. They have to live in decent conditions. This they cannot do on the pay they receive. Their duty to themselves is part, and a large part, of their duty to the public. They have a right to strike to secure conditions that will enable them properly to live and perform their duties. If, as theologians aver, one has a right to steal in order to avert starvation, one has a right to strike to escape from starvation wages. The right to strike is a part of the right to life.

That the teachers by joining the Federation of Labor commit themselves to strike at the order of the officials of the Federation is denied both by the teachers who have joined the union and by the officials of the central union organization of this city. There is no prospect of their adventuring upon a sympathetic general strike. If they should strike they will strike for themselves. There is no law to prevent their quitting teaching, and if they quit now there are no teachers competent to take their places. The good teachers who are not thinking of striking are mostly driven out of the profession by the meanness of the pay and the better pay in other positions to which their talents are suitable. If the teachers quit, the schools cannot carry on except lamely and ineffectively with the services of incompetents.

It is no crime for teachers to quit work rather than continue at it underpaid. If the Board will not listen to pleadings and respectful representations then the teachers have a right to try the effect of quitting work. That is the only form of negotiation or bargaining left open to them. It is the only way

they have to deal with the Board of Education that holds a monopoly of teaching opportunity.

I note that all the daily papers are against the teachers' union, but the daily papers came to terms with the newspaper writers' union, when the writers threatened a strike. Newspaper writers owe a duty to the public, too. The newspaper writers had to strike for a raise of pay when the newspapers were making more money than ever before on advertising. They were entitled to an increase. A strike was the only way to get it. They struck or threatened to strike. The increase was forthcoming. The public school teachers should profit by such example.

I note that some of the papers are saying the school teachers are entitled to a hearing before the Board of Education on the question of pay and the conditions under which they have to teach. This is true. The teachers should have the right to deal with their employer and to deal collectively with that employer and to demand arbitration of grievances. All these rights organized manual labor enjoys; they should be enjoyed by teachers and other intellectual workers as well. The manual laborer is sustained in these rights by public opinion and by national, state and municipal legislation, generally speaking.

How did the manual workers attain to this position? Was it by hat-in-hand, cringing suppliency, by waiting until the employer underwent a change of heart? Not at all. They won it by the power of the strike and the fear of the threat of strikes. That was the method of gaining publicity for their grievances and of influencing public opinion. The papers now say that the teachers "grievances should be placed fairly before the public, so that a just decision may be reached." Right-o, again. But who heard of the teachers' grievances until the teachers began to talk of unionization and a strike. It took the threat to start the editorial writers to editorializing upon teachers' grievances. It took the threat to make the Board grant even a small increase of pay. Rumors of a strike had more effect than the popular vote favoring a tax to provide funds for an increase of pay.

The Board of Education wants to deal with the school teachers *a la* Elbert H. Gary of the Steel Trust. It can't get away it. It will have to deal with the organized teachers and arbitrate with them. It can't choke off the teachers and it must meet them in collective bargaining. And it is the threat of a strike that brings the newspapers to discuss teachers' grievances and to lecture the Board. The teachers have learned the use of the threat of the Big Stick. "Let us have democracy, not autocracy, in the school system," says the *Post-Dispatch*. But the strike threat brought forth that declaration. The school teachers should not give up the thought of a strike until they have won something more substantial than words of newspaper advice to the members of the Board of Education, chosen, by the way, not strictly speaking by the people, but by the committees of the political parties, and we all know what influences and powers dominate and control the members of the city central committees. The Board of Education needs newspaper advice against its bull-headedness. The teachers don't need advice. What they need is better pay, and better work-

ing conditions. They have found the way to get it. And if ever a strike be justifiable, surely a strike of school teachers, overworked and underpaid, is such an one. Even the newspaper editorials against the strike are arguments in its favor.

♦♦♦

Spring Song

By William Marion Reedy

HERE'S Easter back again. Welcome it is too, as of old, even if we have to knock off from worrying about many things to hail the recurrent Spring. Its good to recall to ourselves that old Nature continues in her round, regardless of our griefs and woes. If we do a little thinking perhaps we may realize that most of our griefs and woes come from departure from or violation of Nature's laws. We are part of Nature, you know, and must act in harmony with other parts. We've been highly disharmonious for some years past and that's mostly what's causing the hurt about which most of us "holler." It's hard work getting back into such alignment with Nature's forces as we had achieved before the war, though it wasn't much. The whole business is "tougher" for us because we've undergone such a terrible jolt to our idealism. We had hoped for so much out of the pain and misery and what we get is nothing but phrases and more conflict and clashings. For open covenants we get secret diplomacy; for self determination of little peoples, a recrudescence of imperialism, for a world safe for democracy, a United States under an universal *verboten*, with espionage laws in force, free press stopped and free speech choked, and one man ruling us by a curious combination of wilfulness and whim. Instead of peace we have worldwide social war and plutocracy in the saddle. All this is depressing; it is so much the opposite of all for which we sought and fought. None of us knows precisely "where we are at." We don't know where or how to take hold of things and straighten them out. We are confused by a multitude of counselors giving conflicting advice, the profiteers and the government plucking us meanwhile, with imperturbable aplomb, notwithstanding our squawking. Things may have to get worse before they can get better, as old consoler Boethius might say.

Still, good, old ever young Spring is here again and her influence is so subtly strong that she makes us forget our and the world's woes and surrender to her invincible hopefulness. The world is very fair and life is very good. How many times the year has died to bring about this Spring's resurrection. Life is insuppressible. And so is love. Love will come out of the present welter of distress and distrust and discord and hate as the sap wells upward to gleam in green and flame in flowers after the long winter. The upward urge goes on forever in Nature and as we are part of Nature we must go upward too. The best thing we can do then is to yield to the influence of the spring, and put no inhibitions upon our hearts' desire to dance with the sun upon an Easter morn. The world has come through times worse than these and carried man with it, and Nature isn't going out of business. Not that we should simply drift with the tide and abdicate our will—not at all. We've got to work and work like the devil to get things right when we have muddled them. We must not yield to mere spring feeling, but use our reason to unscramble the world from the mess the statesmen and diplomats have made of it. We can

work the better to the melody of the spring song and with our hearts like 'the young man's fancy' turned to thoughts of love. Only so can we work with Nature and make her work for us. The jig's not up with the world. The statesmen have boggled things badly. For the things the world wants and needs the people have not yet begun to fight.

The Babe on Wilson's Door Step

By William Marion Reedy

IF THERE be any good at all in the covenant of the League of Nations some of that good must be disseminated throughout other articles of that instrument than Article X.

Can the President afford to kill the treaty, with all that good in it, simply because he cannot secure the good in Article X as he has formulated it? If he does, let him do it—and take the consequences.

The Senate has made reservations on Article X. It has done this now twice. That is the Senate's judgment by a substantial majority. Those reservations do not utterly kill the article. It is still possible that this country may, when Congress so directs, do at least some of those things to which Article X, as originally framed, would have committed it. And even under the much debated article as it stood, this country could not have carried out the obligations thereof without congressional authorization as provided in the constitution.

The treaty as it stands after the senatorial reservations, is not a total loss or a complete failure. There is enough life in it to help towards the preservation of peace and the postponement and probable prevention of war. It is a basis for a betterment of the covenant through operation and interpretation. It is an approach in some degree to the ideals upon which the projection of the League of Nations was based. In the eyes of all the world, except President Wilson, the covenant as amended has sovereign virtue in its organic law. It provides a way to peace and a means to justice. Shall it be thrown on the junk heap solely because it is not all that Woodrow Wilson wants it to be in mere verbal or phraseological form? The common sense of the President's countrymen and of civilized mankind answers "No!"

If the President persists in his selfishness the Democratic senators who have followed his leadership thus far, should follow him no farther. The majority of the Senate is for a League of Nations, even if it be not the President's, and the Democratic senators should abide by majority rule. If they cannot secure the League Mr. Wilson wants, it is their duty to ratify the League the Senate majority is willing to accept. Their duty is to the country and to the world now, and not to the President. They should vote for the document because even the President has fought the reservations on the ground that they specifically assert what is in the covenant implicitly.

If the treaty and League are to be killed, let the President do the killing. If there is to be no peace, let the great peacemaker say so. If the man in the White House will have no peace but his peace, loyal Democratic senators are not obliged to aid and abet him in that purpose.

The Senate represents the people as much as the President does. The Senate is a co-ordinate branch of the government, with the President. It has acted in accord with its constitutional prerogative. It is not guilty of *lese majeste*. It has done the best it could, according to its lights. It should now ratify, with all possible promptness, the treaty with its reservations. It were folly to reject the document, and further delay the peace.

The world wants peace. And this country does not want the peace treaty an issue in this year's presidential campaign because there are important matters of domestic concern to be discussed and decided.

Put the treaty up to the President and let him, if he will, pocket it or kill it outright. If he does he will immolate his principles to his almost insane pride. The Senate has done its duty. Let the President do his. "And with God be the rest."

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Igoe After Burleson

CONGRESSMAN IGUE may yet have his features immortalized on the penny postage stamps used by his fellow countrymen. He has introduced a bill and if that bill passes Mr. Igoe's fame is secure. His bill proposes, in the language of the Washington dispatches, completely to isolate the Post Office Department from all political influence. It provides that the office of postmaster general and his four assistants be abolished and the department be administered by a commission of three members to be appointed by the president for a term of six years each, the term of one member expiring every two years. The bill further provides that not more than two members of the commission shall belong to the same political party. Mr. Igoe explains thus: "The present administration, by placing all postmasters under civil service, has removed any possible objection to this bill as being politically inexpedient, since all postmasters and employees are now appointed from eligible lists established by the civil service commission after competitive examination."

The worst thing about this bill is that it is not likely to be passed soon enough to get rid of Postmaster General Albert Sidney Burleson, the chief censor of the present administration. He is the worst example on record of the endless audacity of elected persons. He is the bourbon boss of the party he dismembers. The best efficiency of his department is shown in the doing of the things it should not do. For the rest, the vices of administration of other departments are the virtues of Burleson's. The mail service is rotten. The *esprit du corps* thereof is shot to pieces. The post office is as much of an annoyance and exasperation as it used to be a facility. But Burleson is a dandy when it comes to barring from the mails publications which he thinks are seditious. He's a glorious confiscator of publication property. He thinks a trades unionist in the public employ is nothing short of a Bolshevik. Seems like he'd like to boss the men under him as convicts are bossed by the whip under the leasing system in that part of the country Mr. Burleson comes from. He has done more to discourage education, such as it is, by means of the periodical press than any man who ever held the office he occupies. He is the grand excommunicator of

opinions that run counter to his own, and his own opinions are strictly mediæval. The highest flight of his mind is when it goes along with the President's. Burleson is the incarnation of political partisanship. His department may serve his party effectively: it does not efficiently serve the people. He is the inventor of the system expressed in the letter postscript, "mailed but not delivered", that has taken the place of the legend "dictated but not read." If Representative Igoe of Missouri and St. Louis can put through Congress a bill that will eliminate Burleson and exterminate Burlesonism, he will deserve to live in a grateful people's memory even as St. Patrick is remembered for having driven the snakes out of Ireland. A bettered postal service will come, immediately there is no more Burleson about it. Workers in that branch of the public service will hold up their heads again, like free men. If Mr. Igoe can say to Burleson "you go" and be obeyed, he will be an emancipator of his people. There never was much wrong with the postal service until Burleson got mixed up with it and jinxed it beyond possibility of exorcism. He is the incubus who put the post-office into a condition calling for a *post-mortem*. The department should be cut loose from the body of that death. Congressman Igoe has shown how it can and should be done. If he succeeds he will be as popular as Burleson is the contrary. It may grieve the President to lose Burleson, but maybe he will be able to bear up under the affliction, having lost so much more that was so much more worth while—his temper for instance. Egad, if Mr. Igoe can rid us of Burleson, he will be a figure in history like St. George who slew the dragon. Just now this country cannot have too much Igoe in its cosmos. It has too much Burleson. He's the one thing the nation-wide prohibition of which would be approved by everybody, except Burleson and Wilson. More power to Representative Igoe, and success to his bill.

THE St. Louis Board of Aldermen doesn't want any more daylight. Certainly not. Isn't it a Board of Aldermen? And don't Boards of Aldermen generally love to work in darkness?

It's at least a five-to-four shot that the Supreme Court of the United States will declare unconstitutional the provision in the Esch-Cummins railroad bill compensating the unprofitable railroads out of the earnings of the successful roads.

Dodging Home Issues

WHAT is the real purpose of the evident intent to throw the peace treaty and the League of Nations into the presidential campaign. Senator Ashurst told his senatorial brethren the other day. It is *camouflage*. It is designed to have something to talk about other than the problems of this country demanding settlement. The politicians don't want to be called upon to tell what they propose or purpose doing about the railroads, or taxation or labor or waterways or military training or trust regulation. They want to talk about the League of Nations in glittering generalities. They have no program of domestic procedure about anything. They don't want to commit themselves to anything definite about the proposed soldiers' bonus or settling them upon the land. The politicians in the Senate are dodging the real issues in American life.

Art in Missouri

They can split hairs about the treaty, knowing very well that in the end there must be some kind of acceptance of some kind of a League of Nations because the public want it. The League of Nations is a herring drawn across the trail of home issues of vast importance.

♦♦

The \$24,000,000 Bond Issue

ST. LOUIS is getting ready to vote upon a \$24,000,000 bond issue for a comprehensive and imposing program of admittedly necessary public improvements. Such public opinion as is vocal has declared in favor of the loan, but there is a little hitch that has not yet been straightened out. What is organized labor going to do about the bond issue? It has not yet declared itself, though approached upon the subject. It seems there is pending an ordinance providing for the fixation of all wages in public work on the basis of the union scale. This means that the \$24,000,000 shall be expended, as to labor account, only upon a union basis. All the work will have to be done by union labor, if the ordinance be passed and signed. Until it has been passed and signed the heads of union labor in this city will not declare themselves on the bond issue or take places on the committees being formed to work for its adoption. The city administration does not want to antagonize the labor people, and just now it does not want to make enemies of those elements opposed to the unionists. It wants to pass the bond issue with as little opposition as possible. I suppose the unionist ordinance will go through and be signed. Then labor will support the bond issue. The opposition may balk, but according to the program the opposition can be mollified on the proposition that the union labor ordinance can be knocked out in the courts as class legislation and all that sort of thing. This interesting bit of politics is as yet under the surface. The general public knows nothing about it. I doubt if the general public will much care. The people of this city want the city put in good shape. Every improvement provided for in the bond issue is needed, and many more that were postponed for the time being. If we are going to be a big and handsome and well equipped city, we have to pay for it in just such improvements as are now in contemplation. There seems to be real enthusiasm for the whole program as being in appropriate accord with the big boom that is now on in this community. It is doubtful that even organized labor could defeat the bond issue if it bent all its energies to that end, but for all that no one wants any trouble on the score of such opposition. Labor will get its city ordinance passed, signed, sealed and delivered. The city will get its \$24,000,000 to expend in the improvements. Most of the citizens are concerned only with the questions of how the necessary taxation will affect them and whether the money will be honestly expended for excellent work. The courts can and will take care of the constitutionality of the union labor ordinance. Therefore, everybody can and should pull for the adoption of the bond issue proposal. The improvements will increase land values throughout the city. They should be paid for out of that increase in land value. They will be so paid for in part at least, but then the people at large will have to pay again in rents and high prices. This is unavoidable under our present economic and social system, but the improvements cannot wait upon the establishment of ideal conditions of taxation.

Circumlocutions

By Horace Flack

IT. THE BISON AND THE BIBLE.

"We have some heathen ways as yet in China," said Kong Fu;

"We wear silk hats, but I regret our shooting kills but few."

IT is true that the American bison did not appreciate the Bible, but in its natural and undisturbed condition it had qualities which entitled it to more respect than was shown by Reverend Henry Ward Beecher when he said that "you might as well read the Bible to buffaloes as to those fellows who follow Atchison and Stringfellow, but they have a supreme respect for the logic that is embodied in Sharp's rifles."

All extremely eloquent men are likely to be inaccurate, and Mr. Beecher was extremely eloquent when engaged in arguing for what he considered the most effective method of converting Missourians. He was inaccurate in speaking of the American bison, now virtually extinct, as a buffalo. He was also illogical in his own attitude towards the Bible. For even if the bison had not been converted by having the Bible read in spite of its natural lack of appreciation for sublime truth, it might nevertheless have survived, while it did not long survive such shooting as was learned in the West when Mr. Beecher and his friends undertook to convert Missourians.

This is a historical fact. I think it of great importance to make it clear, and this I think I have done, without stopping to enquire how far Missourians, who know how to shoot, have been in need of conversion at any particular time, or whether they learn to appreciate the Bible more after being shot at.

If this historical fact of the relations of the bison to the Bible is comprehended and kept in mind, it may have important results when our energies as a world-power are most earnestly devoted to the conversion of the heathen. Our earnestness seems to be increasing our eloquence. The most intense earnestness was manifest in the eloquence of 1899, when Reverend Doctor Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia said: "Christ is the solution of the difficulty regarding National expansion. There never was a more manifest providence than the waving of Old Glory over the Philippines. The only thing we can do is to thrash the natives until they understand who we are. I believe every bullet sent, every cannon shot, every flag waved means righteousness."

Perhaps earnestness may hereafter inspire eloquence to greater emphasis than this, but I am here suggesting the advisability of some slight modification of method. If required to join in the conversion of the still surviving heathen, I might say without abating my own appreciation for the Bible, which I certainly wish to convey to every surviving heathen:

"We may surely contradict him, since we love him as a brother.
When we've knocked him down and kicked him, then I think that we might smother
To some extent, although well meant, the affection for another
The best of us must always feel, when we knock him down to make him kneel."

As far back as 1899, I recognized that if the still surviving heathen, who do not appreciate the advantages of conversion, must be pacified, there is only one way to show our benevolence. We must knock them down until they do learn to kneel and pray as we think proper. But it was not until later that I was able to reduce the above suggestion to its present shape, which I hope is definite. Singularly enough, I was being subjected to pacification myself at the time. No less a person than the President of the United States had said (at Buffalo, though the coincidence is only incidental) that those who kicked out of his traces would be put in a corral. This brought the feelings of the still surviving heathen home to me. Although at the time I did not know I had ever been in the Presidential traces, and had no more wish to be then than I have now, his extremely eloquent earnestness impressed me—not with his feelings towards pacification as a process, but with the feelings of the Filipinos and still surviving heathen when they are in front of cannon whose every shot is supposed to mean righteousness.

Since the extinction of the American bison; since 1899, and even since the Buffalo speech of 1917, enough flags have been waved, cannon fired and bullets sent to reduce the world to righteousness, if cannon and bullets will do it. I am informed that if ten per cent of the profits made on munitions were devoted to the purchase of the Scriptures, every surviving heathen might be supplied with a Bible. But from all I can learn, the heathen are now convinced that unless they learn to shoot as well as we do in Kansas and Missouri, their hopes of surviving conversion may prove wholly unreliable. And even in Missouri, the theory that knowing how to shoot is more important than appreciation of the Bible seems to be growing in its influence over many who would prefer not to be pacified. If this might be changed by keeping them long enough in the same corral with the surviving bison or heathen, the American bison would remain as nearly extinct as ever, regardless of the beauties of the Bible. And that is the fifteenth point.

♦♦♦

A Town

By Catherine Cranmer

SMALL houses,
Strewn in a loose hodgepodge
Over rocky slopes
That do not reach the dignity of hills
Yet share no wealth of lands below.
The town lies mapped
Like a worn patchwork quilt
Spread with slovenly sagging,
Its fresh new patches
Flaring with pert brightness
In the dull jumble.

Within the houses
Women cook and sew,
And from the windows steal a hungry glance
At every passer-by.
Starved for the flavor of adventure
That in their lives is scant and fugitive,
They watch for it in other people's lives,
And peer at youth
With longing.
To rumours they add guesswork
And concoct
The food that fattens gossip.

Children come,
Are clothed and fed,
And sent to school,

And Sunday school;
They pick up morsels of the talk
That passes when the men come home
For supper,
And with the supper
Get all their wives have gleaned that day
Through looks and tittle-tattle.

After supper the men go out
To sit and smoke with other men
And scatter news and hearsay.
A headlined murder soon gives way
To talk of local business deals,
To rumors of a shot-gun wedding
And all the smut it loosens
From some well-stocked mind.

One man starts home at nine,
Then two or three drift out;
A last few linger till the dancers
In the lodge hall opposite
Come clattering down the stairs,
Their bass and treble gigglings
And loud good-nights,
Followed by low-toned lagging talk
As boys and girls pair slowly off toward home.
The smokers stump along behind,
With more of eyes and ears for weather signs
Than for the pathos of their sterile lives.

The steps of all are quickened
As they round a darkened corner
Where nightly roams a woman,
Gaunt, demented;
Searching, perhaps, for life,
For love,
For motherhood denied her,
She stares with empty eyes into the night,
Feared and slumped and laughed at
By those who have a measure
Of all she longed for
Till her reason died.

With lightened steps
And voices hushed,
They pass a lamplit house,
Where age and illness battle
With an old man's dwindling strength;
The moon throws black tree shadows on his door,
To youth they seem the mark of death,
And hands seek hands
As couples hurry by.

The sun and moon and seasons
Come and go;
The pattern of the patchwork town
Remains the same;
The people work and talk and sleep.
The children grow,
And other children come;
And black tree shadows fall on other doors.

Bloch

By W. M. R.

ALBERT BLOCH'S explanation of himself and his "new" art in last week's MIRROR was good reading, but it fell far short of the charm of his addresses on two evenings to the small gatherings that came to view his strange, colorful, suggestive paintings and his masterful drawings and etchings at the Artists' Guild.

About those addresses, let me say they were magical in quality, beautifully cold with irony, subtle in criticism and pleasantly erudite. Bloch spoke of art with the rapture of Blake, as a consecration; with the fervid *elan* of Ruskin discussing a Turner, and with Nietzschean scorn for commercialism and all its works and pomps. All this fused with humor and wit in a style ranging through suave acerbity to something like prayerfulness that changed to malefaction upon all art cant. There has been nothing like Bloch's "confession" since Whistler first spoke his "Ten O'Clock." The world will know Bloch—about as it knows "the Butterfly"—one of these days.

Aria da Capo

A Play in One Act

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

PERSONS.

PIERROT
COLUMBINE
COTHURNUS, Masque of Tragedy
THYRSIS } Shepherds
CORYDON }

SCENE.

A stage.

THE curtain rises on a stage set for a Harlequinade, a merry black and white interior. Directly behind the footlights, and running parallel with them, is a long table, covered with a gay black and white cloth, on which is spread a banquet. At the opposite ends of this table, seated on delicate thin-legged chairs with high backs, are Pierrot and Columbine, dressed according to the tradition, excepting that Pierrot is in lilac, and Columbine in pink. They are dining.

COLU: Pierrot, a macaroon! I cannot live without a macaroon!

PIER: My only love, You are so intense! . . . Is it Tuesday, Columbine?—

I'll kiss you if it's Tuesday.

COLU: It is Wednesday, If you must know. . . . Is this my artichoke, Or yours?

PIER: Ah, Columbine,—as if it mattered! Wednesday. . . . Will it be Tuesday, then, tomorrow,

By any chance?

COLU: Tomorrow will be—Pierrot, That isn't funny!

PIER: I thought it rather nice. Well, let us drink some wine and lose our heads And love each other.

COLU: Pierrot, don't you love Me now?

PIER: La, what a woman!—how should I know? Pour me some wine: I'll tell you presently.

COLU: Pierrot, do you know, I think you drink too much.

PIER: Yes, I dare say I do. . . . Or else too little. It's hard to tell. You see, I am always wanting A little more than what I have,—or else A little less. There's something wrong. My dear, How many fingers have you?

COLU: La, indeed, How should I know?—It always takes me one hand To count the other with. It's too confusing. Why?

PIER: Why?—I am a student, Columbine; And search into all matters.

COLU: La, indeed?— Count them yourself, then!

PIER: No. Or, rather, nay. 'Tis of no consequence. . . . I am become A painter, suddenly,—and you impress me— Ah, yes!—six orange bull's-eyes, four green pin-wheels,

And one magenta jelly-roll,—the title As follows: *Woman Taking In Cheese From Fire-Escape*.

COLU: Well, I like that! So that is all I've meant To you!

PIER: Hush! All at once I am become A pianist. I will image you in sound, . . . On a new scale . . . without tonality . . . *Virace senza tempo senza tutto*. . . .

Title: *Uptown Express at Six O'Clock*. Pour me a drink.

COLU: Pierrot, you work too hard. You need a rest. Come on out into the garden, And sing me something sad.

PIER: Don't stand so near me! I am become a socialist. I love Humanity; but I hate people. Columbine, Put on your mittens, child; your hands are cold.

COLU: My hands are not cold!

PIER: Oh, I am sure they are. And you must have a shawl to wrap about you, And sit by the fire.

COLU: Why, I'll do no such thing! I'm hot as a spoon in a tea-cup!

PIER: Columbine, I'm a philanthropist. I know I am, Because I feel so restless. Do not scream, Or it will be the worse for you!

COLU: Pierrot, My vinaigrette: I cannot live without My vinaigrette!

PIER: My only love, you are So fundamental! . . . How would you like to be An actress, Columbine?—I am become Your manager.

COLU: Why, Pierrot, I can't act.

PIER: Can't act! Can't act! La, listen to the woman! What's that to do with the price of furs?—You're blonde,

Are you not?—You have no education, have you?— Can't act! You under-rate yourself, my dear!

COLU: Yes, I suppose I do.

PIER: As for the rest, I'll teach you how to cry, and how to die, And other little tricks; and the house will love you.

You'll be a star by five o'clock . . . that is, If you will let me pay for your apartment.

COLU: Let you?—well, that's a good one! Ha! Ha! Ha!

But why?

PIER: But why?—well, as to that, my dear, I cannot say. It's just a matter of form.

COLU: Pierrot, I'm getting tired of caviar And peacocks' livers. Isn't there something else That people eat?—some humble vegetable, That grows in the ground?

PIER: Well, there are mushrooms.

COLU: Mushrooms! That's so! I had forgotten . . . mushrooms . . . mushrooms . . .

I cannot live with. . . . How do you like this gown?

PIER: Not much. I'm tired of gowns that have the waist-line

About the waist, and the hem around the bottom,— And women with their breasts in front of them!— *Zut and chè!* Where does one go from here!

COLU: Here's a persimmon, love. You always liked them.

PIER: I am become a critic; there is nothing I can enjoy. . . . However, set it aside; I'll eat it between meals.

COLU: Pierrot, do you know, Sometimes I think you're making fun of me.

PIER: My love, by yon black moon, you wrong us both.

COLU: There isn't a sign of a moon, Pierrot.

PIER: Of course not. There never was. "Moon's" just a word to swear by.

"Mutton!"—now there's a thing you can lay the hands on,

And set the tooth in! Listen, Columbine: I always lied about the moon and you.

Food is my only lust.

COLU: Well, eat it, then, For heaven's sake, and stop your silly noise!

I haven't heard the clock tick for an hour.

PIER: It's ticking all the same. If you were a fly, You would be dead by now. And if I were a parrot,

I could be talking for a thousand years!

(Enter COTHURNUS)

PIER: Hello, what's this, for God's sake?—What's the matter?

Say, whadda you mean?—get off the stage, my friend,

And pinch yourself,—you're walking in your sleep!

COTH: I never sleep.

PIER: Well, anyhow, clear out.

REEDY'S MIRROR

You don't belong on here. Wait for your own scene!

Whadda you think this is,—a dress-rehearsal?

COTH: Sir, I am tired of waiting. I will wait no longer.

PIER: Well, but what are you going to do? The scene is set for me!

COTH: True, sir; yet I can play the scene.

PIER: Your scene is down for later!

COTH: That, too, is true, sir; but I play it now.

PIER: Oh, very well!—Anyway, I am tired of black and white. At least, I think I am.

(Exit COLUMBINE)

Yes, I am sure I am. I know what I'll do!—I'll go and strum the moon, that's what I'll do. . . . Unless, perhaps, . . . you never can tell . . . I may be,

You know, tired of the moon. Well, anyway, I'll go find Columbine. . . . And when I find her, I will address her thus: "Ehè! Pierrette!"—There's something in that.

(Exit PIERROT)

COTH: You, Thyrus! Corydon! Where are you?

THYR: Sir, we are in our dressing-room!

COTH: Come out and do the scene.

CORY: You are mocking us!—

The scene is down for later.

COTH: That is true; But we will play it now. I am the scene.

(Seats himself on high place in back of stage)

(Enter CORYDON and THYRSIS)

CORY: Sir, we were counting on this little hour. We said, "Here is an hour,—in which to think A mighty thought, and sing a trifling song. And look at nothing."—And, behold! the hour, Even as we spoke, was over, and the act begun, Under our feet!

THYR: Sir, we are not in the fancy To play the play. We had thought to play it later.

CORY: Besides, this is the setting for a farce. Our scene requires a wall; we cannot build A wall of tissue-paper!

THYR: We cannot act A tragedy with comic properties!

COTH: Try it and see. I think you'll find you can. One wall is like another. And regarding The matter of your insufficient mood, The important thing is that you speak the lines, And make the gestures. Wherefore I shall remain Throughout, and hold the prompt-book. Are you ready?

CORY-THYR: (Sorrowfully), Sir, we are always ready.

COTH: Play the play!

(CORYDON and THYRSIS move the table and chairs to one side out of the way, and seat-themselves in a half-reclining position on the floor, left of the center of the stage, propped up by crepe paper pillows and bolsters, in place of rocks.)

THYR: How gently in the silence, Corydon, Our sheep go up the bank. They crop a grass That's yellow where the sun is out, and black Where the clouds drag their shadows. Have you noticed How steadily, yet with what a slanting eye They graze?

CORY: As if they thought of other things. What say you, Thyrus, do they only question Where next to pull?—Or do their far minds draw them Thus vaguely north of west and south of east?

THYR: One cannot say. . . . The black lamb wears its burdocks

As if they were a garland,—have you noticed?—Purple and white—and drink the bitten grass As if it were a wine.

CORY: I've noticed that.

What say you, Thyrus, shall we make a song About a lamb that thought himself a shepherd?

THYR: Why, yes!—that is, why,—no. (I have forgotten

My line)

COTH: (Prompting) "I know a game worth two of that."

THYR: Oh, yes. . . . I know a game worth two of that:

Let's gather rocks, and build a wall between us; And say that over there belongs to me, And over here to you!

CORY: Why,—very well. And say you may not come upon my side Unless I say you may!

THYR: Nor you on mine! And if you should, 'twould be the worse for you!

(They weave a wall of colored crepe paper ribbons from the center front to the center back of the stage, fastening the ends to COLUMBINE's chair in front and to PIERROT's chair in the back.)

CORY: Now there's a wall a man may see across, But not attempt to scale.

THYR: An excellent wall.

CORY: Come, let us separate, and sit alone A little while, and lay a plot whereby We may outdo each other. (They seat themselves on opposite sides of the wall.)

PIER: (Off stage.) Ehè, Pierrette!

COLU: (Off stage.) My name is Columbine! Leave me alone!

THYR: (Coming up to the wall.)

Corydon, after all, and in spite of the fact I started it myself, I do not like this So very much. What is the sense of saying I do not want you on my side the wall? It is a silly game. I'd much prefer Making the little song you spoke of making, About the lamb, you know, that thought himself A shepherd!—what do you say?

(Pause)

CORY: (At wall.) (I have forgotten The line)

COTH: (Prompting.) "How do I know this isn't a trick?"

CORY: Oh, yes. . . . How do I know this isn't a trick To get upon my land?

THYR: Oh, Corydon, You know it's not a trick. I do not like The game, that's all. Come over here, or let me Come over there.

CORY: It is a clever trick To get upon my land. (Seats himself as before.)

THYR: Oh, very well! (Seats himself as before) (To himself) I think I never knew a sillier game.

CORY: (Coming to wall.) Oh, Thyrus, just a minute!—all the water

Is on your side the wall, and the sheep are thirsty. I hadn't thought of that.

THYR: Oh, hadn't you?

CORY: Why, what do you mean?

THYR: What do I mean?—I mean That I can play a game as well as you can.

And if the pool is on my side, it's on My side, that's all.

CORY: You mean you'd let the sheep Go thirsty?

THYR: Well, they're not my sheep. My sheep Have water enough.

CORY: Your sheep! You are mad, to call them Yours—mine—they are all one flock! Thyrus, you can't mean

To keep the water from them, just because They happened to be grazing over here

Instead of over there, when we set the wall up?

THYR: Oh, can't I?—wait and see!—and if you try To lead them over here, you'll wish you hadn't!

CORY: I wonder how it happens all the water Is on your side. . . . I'll say you had an eye out For lots of little things, my innocent friend, When I said, "Let us make a song," and you said, "I know a game worth two of that!"

COLU: (Off stage.) Pierrot,

D'you know, I think you must be getting old, Or fat, or something,—stupid, anyway!—

Can't you put on some other kind of collar?

THYR: You know as well as I do, Corydon,

I never thought of anything of the kind.

Don't you?

CORY: I do not.

THYR: Don't you?

CORY: Oh, I suppose so.

Thyrsis, let's drop this,—what do you say?—it's only

A game, you know . . . we seem to be forgetting It's only a game . . . a pretty serious game It's getting to me, when one of us is willing To let the sheep go thirsty, for the sake of it.

THYR: I know it, Corydon. (They reach out their arms to each other across the wall.)

COTH: (Prompting.) "But how do I know?"

THYR: Oh, yes. . . . But how do I know this isn't a trick

To water your sheep, and get the laugh on me?

CORY: You can't know, that's the difficult thing about it,

Of course,—you can't be sure. You have to take My word for it. And I know just how you feel. But one of us has to take a risk, or else, Why, don't you see?—the game goes on forever! . . .

It's terrible, when you stop to think of it. . . . Oh, Thyrus, now for the first time I feel This wall is actually a wall, a thing Come up between us, shutting me away From you. . . . I do not know you any more!

THYR: No, don't say that! Oh, Corydon, I'm willing To drop it all, if you will! Come on over And water your sheep! It is an ugly game.

I hated it from the first. . . . How did it start? CORY: I do not know . . . I do not know . . . I think I am afraid of you!—you are a stranger!

I never set eyes on you before! "Come over And water my sheep," indeed!—They'll be more thirsty

Then they are now, before I bring them over Into your land, and have you mixing them up With yours, and calling them yours, and trying to keep them!

(Enter COLUMBINE)

COLU: (to COTHURNUS). Glummy, I want my hat.

THYR: Take it, and go.

COLU: Take it and go, indeed! Is it my hat, Or isn't it? Is this my scene, or not? Take it and go! Really, you know, you two Are awfully funny!

(Exit COLUMBINE.)

THYR: Corydon, my friend, I'm going to leave you now, and whistle me A pipe, or sing a song, or go to sleep. When you have come to your senses, let me know. (Goes back to where he has been sitting, lies down and sleeps)

(CORYDON, in going back to where he has been sitting, stumbles over bowl of colored confetti and colored paper ribbons)

CORY: Why, what is this?—Red stones—and purple stones—

And stones stuck full of gold!—The ground is full Of gold and colored stones! . . . I'm glad the wall Was up before I found them!—Otherwise, I should have had to share them. As it is, They all belong to me. . . . Unless—(He goes to wall and digs up and down the length of it, to see if there are jewels on the other side) None here—

None here—none here—They all belong to me! (Sits)

THYR: (Awakening). How curious! I thought the little black lamb

Came up and licked my hair! I saw the wool About its neck as plain as anything!

It must have been a dream. The little black lamb Is on the other side of the wall, I'm sure. (Goes to wall and looks over. CORYDON is seated on the ground, tossing the confetti up into the air and catching it)

Hello, what's that you've got there, Corydon?

CORY: Jewels.

THYR: Jewels?—And where did you ever get them?

CORY: Oh, over here.

THYR: You mean to say you found them, By digging around in the ground for them?

CORY: (Unpleasantly.) No, Thyrus.

By digging down for water for my sheep.

THYR: Corydon, come to the wall a minute, will you?

I want to talk to you.

CORY: I haven't time.

I'm making me a necklace of red stones.

THYR: I'll give you all the water that you want, For one of those red stones,—if it's a good one.

CORY: Water?—what for?—what do I want of water?

THYR: Why, for your sheep;

CORY: My sheep?—I'm not a shepherd!

THYR: Your sheep are dying of thirst.

CORY: Man, haven't I told you

I can't be bothered with a few untidy Brown sheep all full of burdocks?—I'm a merchant,

That's what I am!—And if I set my mind to it, I dare say I could be an emperor!

(To himself) Wouldn't I be a fool to spend my time Watching a flock of sheep go up a hill,

When I have these to play with?—when I have these

To think about?—I can't make up my mind Whether to buy a city, and have a thousand Beautiful girls to bathe me, and be happy Until I die, or build a bridge, and name it The Bridge of Corydon,—and be remembered After I'm dead.

THYR: Corydon, come to the wall, Won't you?—I want to tell you something.

CORY: Hush!

Be off! Be off! Go finish your nap, I tell you!

THYR: Corydon, listen: if you don't want your sheep,

Give them to me.

CORY: Be off. Go finish your nap. A red one—and a blue one—and a red one—And a purple one—give you my sheep, did you say?—

Come, come! What do you take me for, a fool? I've a lot of thinking to do,—and while I'm thinking,

The sheep might just as well be over here As over there. . . . A blue one—and a red one—

THYR: But they will die!

CORY: And a green one—and a couple Of white ones, for a change.

THYR: Maybe I have Some jewels on my side.

CORY: And another green one— Maybe, but I don't think so. You see, this rock Isn't so very wide. It stops before

It gets to the wall. It seems to go quite deep, However,

THYR: (With hatred.) I see.

COLU: (Off stage.) Look, Pierrot, there's the moon!

PIER: (Off stage.) Nonsense!

THYR: I see.

COLU: (Off stage.) Sing me an old song, Pierrot,—

Something I can remember.

PIER: (Off stage.) Columbine,

Your mind is made of crumbs,—like an escalllop Of oysters,—first a layer of crumbs, and then An oystery taste, and then a layer of crumbs.

THYR: I find no jewels . . . but I wonder what The root of this black weed would do to a man

If he should taste it . . . I have seen a sheep die, With half the stalk still drooling from its mouth.

'Twould be a speedy remedy, I should think, For a festered pride and a feverish ambition.

It has a curious root. I think I'll hack it In little pieces . . . First I'll get me a drink;

And then I'll hack that root in little pieces As small as dust, and see what the color is Inside. (Goes to bowl on floor.)

The pool is very clear. I see A shepherd standing on the brink, with a red cloak

About him, and a black weed in his hand. . . .

'Tis I. (Kneels and drinks.)

CORY: (Coming to wall.) Hello, what are you doing,

Thyrus?

THYR: Digging for gold.

CORY: I'll give you all the gold

You want, if you'll give me a bowl of water.

If you don't want too much, that is to say.

THYR: Ho, so you've changed your mind?—It's different,

Isn't it, when you want a drink yourself?

CORY: Of course it is.

THYR: Well, let me see . . . a bowl

Of water,—come back in an hour, Corydon.

CORY: I'm busy now. Oh, Thyrus, give me a bowl

Of water!—and I'll fill the bowl with jewels,

And bring it back!

THYR: Be off, I'm busy now.

(He catches sight of the weed, picks it up and looks at it, unseen by CORYDON.)

Wait!—Pick me out the finest stones you have . . .

I'll bring you a drink of water presently.

CORY: (Goes back and sits down, with the jewels before him.)

A bowl of jewels is a lot of jewels.

THYR: (Chopping up the weed.) I wonder if it has a bitter taste.

CORY: There's sure to be a stone or two among them

I have grown fond of, pouring them from one hand.

Into the other.

THYR: I hope it doesn't taste Too bitter, just at first.

CORY: A bowl of jewels Is far too many jewels to give away. . . .

And not get back again.

THYR: I don't believe He'll notice. He's too thirsty. He'llgulp it down And never notice.

CORY: There ought to be some way To get them back again. . . . I could give him a necklace.

And snatch it back, after I'd drunk the water, I suppose. . . . why, as for that, of course, a necklace. . . .

(He puts two or three of the colored tapes together and tries their strength by pulling them, after which he puts them around his neck and pulls them, gently, nodding to himself. He gets up and goes to the wall, with the colored tapes in his hands.

THYRUS in the meantime has poured the powdered root—black confetti—into the pot which contained the flower and filled it up with wine from the punch-bowl on the floor. He comes to the wall at the same time, holding the bowl of poison.

THYR: Come and get your bowl of water, Corydon.

CORY: Ah, very good!—and for such a gift as that I'll give you more than a bowl of upset stones. I'll give you three long necklaces, my friend. Come closer. Here they are. (Puts the ribbons about THYRUS's neck.)

THYR: (Putting bowl to CORYDON's mouth) I'll hold the bowl Until you've drunk it all.

CORY: Then hold it steady. For every drop you spill I'll have a stone back Out of this chain.

THYR: I shall not spill a drop. (CORYDON drinks, meanwhile beginning to strangle THYRUS.)

THYR: Don't pull the string so tight.

CORY: You're spilling the water.

THYR: You've had enough—you've had enough—stop pulling

The string so tight!

CORY: Why, that's not tight at all. . . .

THYR: (Drops bowl) You're strangling me! Oh,

Corydon!

It's only a game!—and you are strangling me!

CORY: It's only a game, is it?—Yet I believe You've poisoned me in earnest! (Writhes and pulls the strings tighter, winding them about THYRUS's neck.)

THYR: CORYDON! (Dies)

CORY: You've poisoned me in earnest. . . . I feel so cold. . . .

So cold. . . . this is a very silly game. . . . Why do we play it?—let's not play this game A minute more. . . . let's make a little song About a lamb. . . . I'm coming over the wall, No matter what you say,—I want to be near you. . . .

(Groping his way, with arms wide before him, he strides through the frail papers of the wall without knowing it, and continues seeking for the wall straight across the stage.)

Where is the wall? (Gropes his way back, and stands very near THYRUS without knowing it; he speaks slowly)

There isn't any wall, I think. (Takes a step forward, his foot touches THYRUS's body, and he falls down beside him)

Thyrus, where is your cloak?—just give me A little bit of your cloak! . . . (Draws corner of THYRUS's cloak over his shoulders, falls across THYRUS's body, and dies)

COETHURNUS closes the prompt-book with a bang, arises matter-of-factly, comes down stage, and places the table over the two bodies, drawing down the cover so that they are hidden from any actors on the stage, but visible to the audience, pushing in their feet and hands with his boot. He then turns his back to the audience, and claps his hands twice)

COTH: Strike the scene! (Exit COETHURNUS)

(Enter PIERROT and COLUMBINE)

PIER: Don't puff so, Columbine!

COLU: Lord, what a mess This set is in! If there's one thing I hate Above everything else,—even more than getting my feet wet— It's clutter!—He might at least have left the scene The way he found it. . . . don't you say so, Pierrot?

(She picks up punch bowl. They arrange chairs as before at ends of table)

PIER: Well, I don't know. I think it rather diverting

The way it is. (Yawns, picks up confetti bowl) Shall we begin?

COLU: (Screams) My God!

What's that there under the table?

PIER: It is the bodies Of the two shepherds from the other play.

COLU: (Slowly) How curious to strangle him like that,

With colored paper ribbons

PIER: Yes, and yet I dare say he is just as dead. (Pause. Calls COETHURNUS.) Come drag these bodies out of here! We can't Sit down and eat with two dead bodies lying Under the table! . . . The audience wouldn't stand for it!

COTH: (Off stage) What makes you think so?— Pull down the tablecloth

On the other side, and hide them from the house, And play the farce. The audience will forget.

PIER: That's so. Give me a hand there, Columbine

(PIERROT and COLUMBINE pull down the table cover in such a way that the two bodies are hidden from the house, then merrily set their bowls back on the table, draw up their chairs, and begin the play exactly as before, speaking even more rapidly and artificially)

COLU: Pierrot, a macaroon,—I cannot live

Without a macaroon!
 PIER: My only love,
 You are *so* intense! . . . Is it Tuesday, Colum-
 bine?—
 I'll kiss you if it's Tuesday. (*Curtains begin to*
close slowly)
 COLU: It is Wednesday,

If you must know. . . . Is this my artichoke,
 Or yours?
 PIER: Ah, Columbine, as if it mattered!
 Wednesday. . . . Will it be Tuesday, then tomor-
 row,
 By any chance?
 (CURTAIN)

The Farmers' Revolt in Canada

By J. A. Stevenson

THE politicians who control and give allegiance to the two historic parties in Canada are now beginning to treat the agrarian movement with becoming seriousness. In fact, from a humorous contempt which professed to regard it as a transient ebullition of Boeotian perverseness, as capable of being dealt with and as certain to disappear as the Patrons of Industry movement in the early nineties, which, reinforced by the exiled pen of Goldwin Smith, the Oxford historian, enjoyed a few brief electoral triumphs, they have now passed to a state of profound panic and sorrowful gloom at its gathering strength.

The program and plans of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, which acts as the General Staff of the agrarian movement, have been before the electorate for some years, but active propaganda to secure their fulfillment only commenced after the armistice was signed and was not pushed with any vigor till Mr. T. A. Crerar, the president of United Graingrowers and the acknowledged leader of the movement, resigned from the Coalition Cabinet last May rather than accept the usual high-protectionist budget. Since then political organization and propaganda have been carried on in the rural districts of the prairie provinces and Ontario with all the fervor of a religious crusade: the fires have been well lit among the farmers of New Brunswick and British Columbia; a beginning has been made in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island and only Quebec is at present immune from the plague, though even there co-operation for marketing purposes has made excellent headway.

Three separate tests of the political strength of the new movement, whose partisans vainly try to call themselves the New National Party, but are familiarly known as the Farmers' party, have been available and their results have confounded all the prophets and even amazed the agrarian leaders. In the provincial election of Ontario, where a Tory Government holding three-fourths of the 111 seats at the time of dissolution, expected an easy victory in a traditionally conservative province, the farmers managed to achieve a working alliance with the Labor party and the combination actually secured a majority over both the Liberal and Tory parties, forty-five farmer candidates and twelve laborists being elected. Their majority is narrow, but Mr. E. C. Drury, a working farmer who had a great reputation as a free trade speaker and was the first secretary of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, has formed a cabinet in which two labor men and one Liberal lawyer as attorney general are included. Soon after this there was a miniature general election for eight vacancies in the Federal House at Ottawa, where there is at present in power a coalition government under Sir Robert Borden composed of Conservatives and a group of Liberals who supported the policy of conscription in 1917. The farmers fought four rural seats which the Coalitionists had held by comfortable majorities in 1917 and captured them all. In one case the majority was small, 207, but in the others the pluralities were huge, 4727, 3596 and 2115 respectively. They did not fight the other four seats polled on the same day; three of these were purely urban and in the fourth Mr. Mackenzie King, the new Liberal leader, was allowed a walk-over. The Ontario result had prepared the government for

disasters but the size of the majorities was the alarming feature. Yet worse was to follow, for in November when a vacancy occurred in a traditionally Liberal seat in the legislature of Alberta, the farmers nominated their own candidate and easily elected him in face of the combined opposition of the two old parties and their press. Their mutual peril made them bury their ancient feuds and many people are now saying that if they can unite so easily for such a purpose, one or other of them is superfluous.

But these election results have made it abundantly plain that in territory occupied by two-thirds of the population of Canada, neither of the old parties has a chance of carrying more than an odd rural seat. If Quebec and Nova Scotia can be penetrated, the conclusion is inevitable that the possibility of the farming interest in Canada securing control of its government is within sight. If the alliance with Labor can be stabilized and extended to the wider field, nothing can avert this result. There may be some difficulties about this consummation in the Federal field for the farmers are aggressive free traders and labor in the industrial centers is still inclined to protectionist views under the influence of the home market theory. But a jealousy of urban predominance in the early Parliaments fixed a tradition, to which both parties have adhered at successive redistributions, that the rural electoral unit should be measurably smaller than the urban. The result is that while the agrarian vote numbers less than 50 per cent of the total electorate, it actually can control about 70 per cent of the seats at Ottawa. It seems therefore a reasonable prophecy that either with or without allies the farmers will have the responsibility of furnishing Canada with her next government.

The program of the farmers as outlined in their New National Policy excites positive horror among the leaders of the old factions and their partisans. Its leading features are: a drastic reform of the tariff, including free trade with Great Britain within five years, and enactment of a reciprocity agreement with the United States; public ownership of railways, telephones, telegraph and express companies; heavy increase of income and inheritance taxes; taxation of land values; proportional representation; support of the League of Nations; no change in the constitution of the British Empire without due consultation of the Canadian electorate; prohibition; reform of the Senate; liberal provision for the re-establishment of veterans; new policies of land settlement to compel speculative holders to sell at fair prices to cultivators; conservation of water power and mineral rights for the nation; the publication of campaign funds; and, last, but not least, the extension of co-operative agencies to cover the whole field of marketing, including arrangement with consumers' societies for the supplying of food stuffs at the lowest rates and with the minimum of handling by middlemen.

The farmers' revolt had its origin in a movement for economic organization on co-operative lines and its political side was a later development. Space does not permit to give any account of the vast co-operative organizations which the farmers of Canada now possess. They make political success possible because of their economic power and the co-operative societies form rallying points from which enthusiasm and organization can radiate.

The largest of their co-operative companies is United Graingrowers Ltd., with headquarters in Winnipeg. Founded in 1903 with a capital of 5000 shillings, it now has stock paid up by 40,000 shareholders, to the value of over 2,500,000 shillings, and in recent years its annual business turn-over has exceeded one hundred million dollars. The farmers' political movement had its origin in their gradual discovery that unless they could obtain some control of the machinery of federal government at Ottawa, the allied ring of financial, manufacturing and railroad interests would be able to set definite limits to the expansion of the co-operative idea. Economic organization had to be supplemented by active political warfare.

Within the agrarian movement itself there are two conflicting schools of political thought. One which Mr. Crerar, who has given lifelong and most effective service to the farmers' cause, represents, favors the formation of a new nation-wide peoples' party in which the farmers, labor, the Great War Veterans' Association and progressive members of the *intelligentsia* would coalesce to end the alternate supremacy of the two old parties, hoping, perhaps, to absorb the better elements of the present Liberal opposition. The majority of the latter hail from the Province of Quebec, and while they are liberal minded on constitutional and political questions, they are far from progressive on economic matters and regard public ownership as a dangerous piece of socialism. If the radical forces gather the strength they hope for, the Conservative party and a body of reactionary and protectionist Liberals, headed by such people as Sir Lomer Gouin, the Premier of Quebec, will certainly be merged in a new party to resist their program and, if they can enlist the assistance of the Roman hierarchy, might defeat it. But the two-party system which its supporters claim to be particularly needed as a centripetal cement in a scattered country like Canada, would survive. In the radical party, the agrarians would be the dominant element and their program with a few modifications would be accepted by the others. Mr. Crerar has repeatedly emphasized the national character of that policy and disclaimed the charges of a class movement which its critics have steadily tried to fasten upon it. Both Labor and the Veterans have shown signs of responding to the idea of a new progressive party and the editor of the *Veteran*, the official organ of the Great War Veterans' Association, has been pleading for a conference of the interested groups.

But both among the farmers and in the ranks of labor there is a strong body of opinion which holds another view. Its ablest exponents are Mr. H. W. Wood, of Alberta, a native of Missouri, who is now president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, and Mr. William Irvine, the editor of the *Western Independent*. They hold that any nation-wide party organization, whatever the source of its electoral strength, must inevitably in time become conservative, corrupt and prey to the designs of the financial interests. They believe that the time has now come when function will take the place of professionalism in government. According to their arguments, such groups as the agrarians exist; they are demanding political expression and they will attain it in the legislative bodies where their representatives will maintain their identity as a group. They will not necessarily be opposed to every other group, but while seeking to carry out their program, will be prepared to co-operate with other groups in providing the country with the best possible government. The inevitable corollary of this idea is group government instead of party government and the supporters of the theory must devise a plan of government which will accommodate a number of groups instead of two parties. But group government is also the logical outcome of the system of proportional representation which is making so many converts in Canada and other countries.

The leaders of the Coalition which now holds office at Ottawa keep hoping against hope that the

insurgent madness will abate and that the infidels will return to their ancient gods. In some quarters proposals are heard that the equalization of electoral units be immediately undertaken to destroy the chance of agrarian domination, but such a move would merely result in more Labor members at Ottawa and while it might help to preserve the sacred tariff would not strengthen conservatism. But what the chieftains of the old parties signally fail to realize is that the new organizations now seeking political expression are organized upon industrial bases as the result of economic pressure and are convinced that they must have direct political representation to enforce definite demands and to abolish what they deem gross economic injustices. They will refuse to be diverted from their goal by the usual "loyalty" or religious issues which have been used so skilfully in the past to bedevil Canadian politics.

The authority of the state made great invasions upon the highly individualistic freedom of the average Canadian citizen during the war years. Previously the state had been, especially to the farmers, a vague colorless entity whose power was rarely felt and which was chiefly regarded as a good cow to milk. But having realized the power of the state to their own inconvenience in the war, the democracy of Canada are now intent upon controlling it and using it to their own advantage for the purpose of ending the dominance of the "special privilege" interests which have so long been paramount and have bled the country white for their own aggrandisement. The result is that Canadian politics are acquiring a reality which has been absent since 1896 and there is gradually coming into existence a new alignment which represents a vital cleavage of ideas and principles and is a welcome change from the hypocritical compromises and obsolete partisanship of the past.

About the Sixth Hour

By George Carver

DAWN broke behind him as he topped the hill. He turned at the crest and faced for a moment the golden miracle just over the rim of the world. Only for a moment could he stand there, however, drinking into his tortured lungs great breaths of the spring-laden air; and even then it was not to enjoy the marvel of the earth's awakening, for upon the second ridge to the east, less than a quarter of a mile away, blazed a flame of reflected sunlight as if thrown off from polished metal, and there touched his ears lightly, so lightly as to be barely audible, mingled as it was with the rustle of new burgeoned foliage stirred to life by the dawn wind, the unmistakable clank of armour. Footsore and wearied to the very core of him by the all-night pursuit he had so far eluded, he nevertheless took up the pace again, hoping to reach the main road far enough ahead of the soldiers to enable him to mix with the throng which he knew would be already afoot and hurrying into the city some five miles away.

In that lay his chance for safety; once coming out upon the principal thoroughfare he could easily sift through the vast concourse making toward the city for the celebration in honor of the governor's birthday and be but an atom among the many. So, gaining the level stretch at the bottom of the hill by a series of quick, goat-like springs, he lengthened his stride into a swinging trot, his eyes fixed upon the dust-cloud before him raised by the feet of the multitude. For he must escape the Romans; too many crimes were marked up against him, and the theft of yesterday, a hundred *denarii* taken from the villa of a tetrarch on the outskirts of Jericho, had struck too near the heart the heart of Rome itself for him to expect anything less than the extreme punishment, if he were taken.

On and on he sped, his dirty brown robe, rent and grimy from the weary miles, streaming behind him on the wind. He ran tirelessly, every muscle flexing and straightening as if formed from steel;

only, his face gave signs of the exhaustion that was almost upon him. Drawn it was and white with the pallor of supreme effort, the eyes protruded, the mouth set. What should have been a face of grim determination and reckless bravery overcast by an expression of low cunning, was now no more than that of a tired boy, for he was but a youth in years if an old and hardened criminal in experience. Many times had the soldiers of Rome almost snared him, to lose their advantage in the end because of his daring. For years he, and his father before him, had preyed upon the rich merchants coming and going in and out of Jerusalem with their caravans of silk and precious ointments; and at times his booty had been valuable, but oftenest, as now, he must content himself with robbing the houses of those who lived without the cities and be satisfied with small loot. Having broken in and stolen what he could, it was his custom to lose himself among the populace of a city, disposing of his plunder and hiding from those who sought him.

Hence his desire to attain to the busy highway. On this day hiding would be easy, he thought, because from the great numbers he could see in the distance, Jerusalem was certain to be thronged. More and more slowly he ran, though hampered by needle-sharp pains in lungs and throat that were fast becoming unbearable; the goal, however, was in plain sight now, and the soldiers had not yet crossed the long hill that lay behind him. Growing more confident with each hurried glance over his shoulder, he finally dropped into a walk—the terrific pace he had maintained during the night was no longer necessary.

Suddenly from behind a clump of acacias at the right of the road a thin, quavering cry arose, a cry like that of a hurt animal. He thought immediately of a trapped hare but could not be sure. About to pass on, he heard it again; but this time there could be no mistake—what he took for the pain-cry of an animal was the high, piping wail of a child, a very young child.

And he stopped. Then plunging through the low bushes that separated the field from the road, he missed by but a scant margin the form of a young woman lying there concealed, with a new-born babe at her breast. So weak was she that the approach of an uncouth stranger, precipitous as it was, in no wise alarmed her; she lay gently moaning and making futile efforts to wrap the child in the folds of her travel-stained garments. Plainly she had come a long way, one of the throng on its journey to the feast, and her days being accomplished, she had crept off here. The thief looked at her in amaze and then about him for possible aid. Across the field sat a squat little house, the door closed; probably no one was there. In a few minutes he might break in and find something with which to help the woman. But could he risk the delay? Visions of the scourge came to him and the remembrance of his father under the cane. An image of a high cross with a man nailed to it brought him up with a shudder, for it was that he must expect unless he made good his escape. But the thin cry welled again, even thinner than before, as if the child were fast losing what little there was to its life.

A harsh curse leaped from his lips. Only a second longer did he hesitate, measuring with his eye the distance to the little house and back to the top of the hill; then shaking off for this new emergency his almost overpowering fatigue, he threw himself across the field to the door of the house. It yielded instantly. The owner, then, he knew must be near. His practiced glance showed him a wine-skin against the wall and piles of linen in several corners. He snatched the wine-skin, gathered up an armful of linen, and lunged for the open. The owner stood in the doorway . . . a contingency for which he was not unprepared. A lowcning of the head, a doubling of his steel body into a ball, a hurtling spring, and he was free, his opponent breathless upon the dirt floor.

But the Romans were passing the crest of the hill. He saw during the rapid glance he drove

toward them the huge helmet of a centurion and the heads of ten spears. Nothing remained but to run for it.

Bending low as possible in order to be somewhat hidden by the bushes along the road, he hurled himself back to the woman and the child. A moment sufficed to force her to gulp some wine, and when the rolls of linen had been placed within reach of the feeble hands, he plunged into the road.

Too many minutes had been burned up in robbing the house. . . . The soldiers were but a few hundred yards behind. Nevertheless, he sprang forward at the merciless pace again, fear maddened. Every muscle, every nerve in that splendid body responded desperately to this last lashing of its dying energies.

His right ankle turned. He strove to recover . . . swayed . . . lurched . . . crashed to the earth prone upon his face. The Romans closed about him. A crushing blow. . . . A dull sob . . . He lay still.

Out of the waves of blackness that surrounded him there emerged an insistent hammering. A hideous pain in his foot roused him. He lay upon a narrow timber, arms spread wide. Three men held him, a fourth armed with a spear standing guard. Two more agonies. . . . He felt himself raised; then dropped with a thud. His body strained as its fastenings, muscles tearing, flesh ripping, nerves cringing under the pain. Thought focused. The cross . . . the cross. . . . And the black tide engulfed the world.

About the sixth hour a wind arose, reviving him. Darkness had come upon the earth. The agonies in his arms had dulled to throbbing aches. Near him stood two crosses, figures nailed against them. Beneath the one to his left kneeled many people. There was weeping. A woman lay in a swoon. His mind half turned to the woman he had found along the road, and to the child. A burning wish flared up: If he might become as a little child. . . .

The darkness straitened. The wailing swelled. There reached out to him through the night a voice: "Verily, verily I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

City Sunday Afternoon

By John Hall Wheelock

THE evening steals like an ocean around your playing,
Whose perfect tones move on the sombre deep

With a grave motion and sigh into a sleep,
George, where your hands along the piano straying
A delicate magic keep!

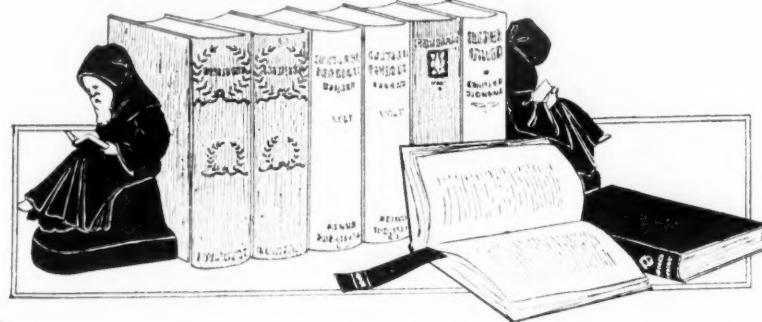
And all the room is starry with your dreaming
And limitless and vast. O the white square
Of the window-pane shimmers behind you there,
Framing the street where the first lights are gleaming,
Transfigured now and fair!

And now from all the fears that brood above her
The soul moves in a quiet, glad release;
The tumult and the ancient struggle cease—
The wars that Beauty wages on her lover
Dwindle into a peace.

When Schumann speaks so firmly and so sadly,
And all the twilight rustles wave on wave,
O at that smile his wondering spirit gave
What new smile in all things shines back so gladly,
Grown dignified and grave!

The curtains by the window rise and flutter,
The ornaments on the mantel row on row
Seem touched with a melancholy of long ago—
What is it the music dreams, but cannot utter?
Schumann—we know, we know.

Ah George, what shall be said to you, who feel it—
All the half-hope and passion unexpressed
When twilight heaves more gently in the breast!



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Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth.

Ah, George, but you, when words would fain reveal it,
Smile—and divine the rest.

O wrap me in Beethoven's storm and thunder!
My spirit swept along and underneath
Flutters upon the verge of life and death,
And all my being in a dream of wonder
Dies between breath and breath.

Let me endure within a single pulsing
Of the quick heart, in a storm of showering rain
Of sound, all joy, all grief—each breath again
Live through a life complete in one convulsing
Moment of rapturous pain!

And now the arc-light, through the window streaming,
Falls on the listless keyboard smooth and white—
Remembered music dreams in the dull light;
And you, too, George, sit silently and dreaming
Alone into the night.

"Mamma's Affair"

By Silas Bent

SWIFT, past master in the surgery of satire, is credited with saying he had never laughed but twice in his life. Perhaps the world had been richer otherwise. When Cervantes broke a lance, a lance of laughter, against feudalism he inflicted a mortal wound, and Molière's ridicule of aristocratic pretensions, although he himself was no republican, may have done more than we suspect to foment the French revolution. Even at the risk of thundering in the index I am moved thus to introduce to your attention "Mamma's Affair," a genuine native comedy of ideas, so far removed from farce or burlesque, so immediately related to reality, as to be an event of exceptional magnitude on our stage. And I am reminded of Cervantes and Molière because the author of this play has had the courage to storm the citadel of sentimental tyranny in the family, an institution surely as sacred in this day as plumed knighthood in feudal Spain or aristocracy at the court of Louis Quatorze.

"Mamma's Affair" is being presented with an "all star" cast at the Fulton Theatre in New York. It is a Harvard prize play. Rachel Barton Butler, although she had considerable stage experience, was a pupil in Professor Baker's class when she wrote it, and in these days of multitudinous university campaigns for funds it is only fair that whatever credit may be should be given to academic training. The play was first presented at the Little Theatre, which had been somewhat enlarged by the addition of a balcony, but soon outgrew even those quarters and was moved to a more spacious house.

Although "Mamma's Affair" is built deliberately on the mother-and-daughter theme, it depends for its comedy in large measure on the ailments of a hypochondriac, a figure made familiar by Molière in "An Imaginary Invalid." But the state of *Mrs. Orrin's* health is merely incidental to her affectionate demands upon her daughter, *Eve*. We feel from the outset that even if she hadn't hit upon the expedient of a more or less fictitious invalidism she would have exercised an inexorable maternal tyranny anyhow. *Eve*, an only child, has never left the parental wing. She has been tutored at home, she has gone to summer resorts under her mother's chaperonage, she has never so much as had her own bedroom; and it is to be expected that her mother, exercising this eternal vigilance, would select a husband for her offspring.

We meet the two at the hotel in a Massachusetts village, where *Mrs. Orrin* was born and reared. They have motored to the town with *Mrs. Marchant* and her son *Henry*, that *Henry* and *Eve* may be married where the bride's mother spent her girlhood. *Mrs. Marchant* was reared there, too, but that is a coincidence. The date set for the wedding is

an anniversary of *Mrs. Orrin's* birth. It is her affair.

The long automobile trip has tired *Mrs. Orrin*, and the others too, but in *Mrs. Orrin's* case weariness means alarming symptoms and an immediate summons for a physician. When *Dr. Brent Janson* arrives he supposes that it is *Eve*, worn almost to a shadow by her devoted ministrations to her mother, who requires his attention. *Mrs. Orrin* attempts to set him right with a voluble description of her symptoms and a recital of what other complaisant men of medicine have said about them; and he goes through a complimentary examination of her pulse and temperature. But after he has gone it is necessary to recall him to attend the real patient; for *Eve*, already on the verge of nervous breakdown through anxiety about her mother and the constant demands of a cloying and selfish affection, flies into sudden hysterical revolt at the maternal endearments.

Freudians, at this juncture, might launch into a discussion of *Eve's* "complex," but her domestic rebellion seems to me credible enough without the corroborative support of a philosophy of the unconscious. It is easy to perceive that this uncontrollable revulsion from her mother, whose false pretensions *Eve* has pierced after years of unquestioning servitude, must prevent her from regaining, in any circumstances, her first filial warmth. There must always be a certain hostility between them. Miss Butler, although she has chosen to treat the theme in lighter vein, and is prohibited therefore from emphasizing that altered relation, is too sincere to ignore it. It is a logical consequence that, having once kicked over the traces, *Eve* should find it impossible to marry the good and prosaic *Henry*, in whom she has never perceived attractions other than those her mother invested him with, and should begin to take an interest wholly unrelated to therapeutics in the village physician.

Dr. Janson has his patient removed to a sun-parlor atop the hotel, and isolates her from the endearments of her mother, the attentions of her fiance and the gloomy observations of *Mrs. Marchant*. There she regains her health and her nervous strength with remarkable rapidity, until her mother, in disobedience of the physician's directions, intrudes upon her. *Mrs. Orrin*, who is wealthy, suspects that *Dr. Janson* has designs upon her daughter, and finally issues an ultimatum that *Eve* shall dismiss him, whereupon the daughter conveniently relapses again into hysterics, this time wholly histrionic.

But hysteria serves only as a temporary escape. *Eve* finally flees the hotel, and takes refuge, naturally enough, with *Dr. Janson's* servant, *Mrs. Bundy*, who has been attending her in the sun-parlor. The last act of a lively comedy takes place in the physician's home, and reveals his amusing trepidation at the thought of marrying into a family containing a professional invalid, however much in love he may be with the invalid's daughter. He has some conscientious scruples, too. *Eve* is young, and has never been acquainted really with any other man except *Henry*. It isn't surprising that she should fancy herself in love with the first good-looking bachelor she meets. But *Eve* knows her own mind, and she has a way with her, and it is inevitable that the doctor shall capitulate.

So the comedy ends much as you would expect it to end, of course, and even *Mrs. Orrin* finds consolation in the thought that there will always be a physician handy. It cannot be said that the plotting of the love affair shows any great originality. Miss Butler's special claim to credit lies in the fact that she had the courage to expose and deride the injustice of sentimental parental tyranny. She had not quite the courage, she tells me, to treat that theme other than in the comic spirit, but she is so emboldened by the welcome which has been accorded to this endeavor that she is planning a drama seriously attacking it.

It is not often that an unknown playwright has the good fortune to see a first production in such

competent hands. (This is not Miss Butler's first play, for she had sold another before this was presented.) Effie Shannon has the part of *Mrs. Orrin*, and reveals an acute sensibility of all the subtle humor hypochondria connotes. Robert Edeson, a personable and accomplished actor, plays *Dr. Janson*. Ida St. Leon, who comes of a family of circus acrobats, and was a bareback rider in her girlhood, makes her bow to Broadway as *Eve Orrin*, having progressed thither by way of a road company in "Polly of the Circus." She has a role requiring emotional power as well as nimble gifts in comedy, and acquits herself with remarkable credit. Katherine Kaelred as *Mrs. Marchant*, George Le Guere as *Henry* and Little Billy as *Tommy Hooper*, a bell boy at the hotel, are entirely acceptable. The only other member in the cast is Amelia Bingham, who is glaringly miscast as *Mrs. Bundy*, a sensible Irishwoman, who takes advantage of her privileges as a servant and nurse of long standing to advise *Dr. Janson* and *Eve* freely as to the state of their respective hearts. It is not a part meant for Miss Bingham, and it is to be regretted that her return to the stage, after a long absence, should have been through such a medium.

But it would have required a deal of miscasting to make a failure of so fresh a comedy, so genuinely provocative of thoughtful mirth, as "Mamma's Affair." It came to Broadway just as there began to be perceptible a surprising decline in the common or bedroom variety of farce, and the cordiality of the reception the public gave it was a heartening evidence of the character of comedy the public wants.

A Penny Walk

By Vincent Starrett

IN the spring I like to go a-walking—keeping a sharp eye out for burnished doves glistening with a livelier iris, and young women whose fancies may be lightly turning to thoughts of love.

Now it has been said that he who would journey to Farre Joyaunce must quest with no particular objective in mind, and it is a true thought. *Mr. Pickwick*, *Mr. LeGallienne*, and other noted walkers, although vaguely they may have visioned a goal, were well content when their sun-led footsteps ended suddenly and pleasantly at the doorway of an inn. Like wise voyageurs, they journeyed in glamour, and the unexpected apparition of "The King's Head" or "The Blue Boar" looming through the mist of an English evening, or even the motes of an English noon, in no wise daunted them. Within, a cup of some mild beverage—tea, was it not?—served by a neat wench with a trim ankle, added to the Borrowian wickedness of the episode. And in the morning, supposing they stopped the night, they went on their way unsmirched in thought or deed, despite curl-papered ladies and golden girls naughtily inserted into their chambers.

This has come to be the accepted pedestrian tradition, to saunter at ease through village and valley, and leave the necessary adventures to the gods whose knees are the repositories of the world's hopes. But there is another way, in which one directly challenges fate. Have you heard of a "penny walk?"

A penny walk is a pleasant thing indeed. First, it is necessary to have a penny. This circumstance happily adjusted, one takes his stand upon the corner nearest his home, tosses his penny into the air, and catches it deftly in his palm. If it fall head up, he takes the turning to the right; if tail, to the left. The performance thus inaugurated is repeated at every block, and so fate or destiny only guides one's erring steps. It is conceivable that the coin will fall head up, or tail up, four times hand running, and that one will find himself back at the corner from which

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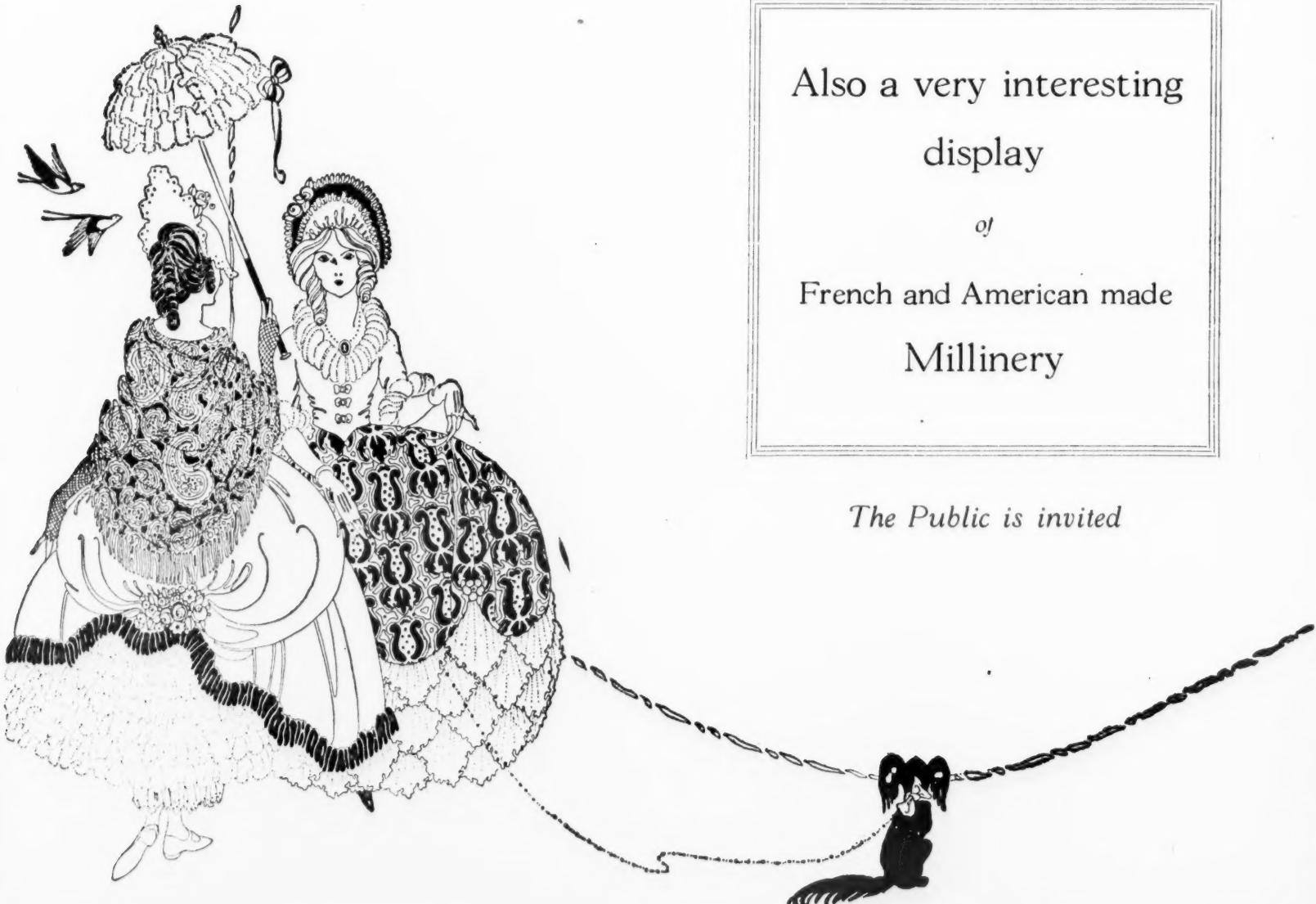
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he started, but this is unlikely; a commendable perseverance shortly will locate one many squares from home, in a neighborhood strange and foreign as the Scottish Marches. Then, "adventures are to the adventurous," and if there are no special green doors to knock upon, at least there are green trees, and green stockings, and other supernal mysteries even in the city. And parks and staid city squares have been known to conjure strange benchfellows.

❖

Restlessness having fired my veins, it occurred to me that I would be the better for a walk in the streets; and finding a penny in my pocket, overlooked by my wife on a secret ramble of her own, I added aloud: "Let it be a 'penny walk.'"

The day was not lowering when I started out, promising a shower before long, which would lay the dust and make lovely the afternoon, as is so often the case; bicycling knickerbockers did not encase my shapely limbs. In point of fact, the sun was already well up in the sky when I ventured forth, and I wore an elderly pair of trousers of conventional length, and the other habiliments of a respectable citizen on his way to the office. I did not lovingly pat the pocket in which reposed my favorite pipe, for—alas!—I do not often smoke a pipe, and know little indeed of Arcadia Mixture. But I carried an eloquent supply of stogies, and a plug of excellent twist, which latter delicacy I do not use, but keep on tap for those I may meet who do.

My penny bade me turn to the left, which happened to be to the east; an unhappy circumstance, it occurred to me, for to the east lies turmoil and the business district, if one proceeds far enough. But the ukase was final; to the left I turned, hoping that a kinder fate gradually would turn me back and at length head me definitely countryward. I might have spared myself the dream. The perverse penny directed me north and again east, again north, and once more east; and all the time I was passing monotonous rows of houses, all blood and fire within perhaps, but outwardly as chaste and calm as Mr. Julian Parker's "sinless village."

Here a week's washing flapped languidly in the warm air, like a listless naval message; there a housemaid, fiercely handsome and of Amazonian proportions, swept the steps with furious besom. A balloon man loitered obliquely into view, roving eyes searching both sides of the street at once; the shrill, thin blast of his fishhorn seemed to split the heat waves as a sharp-prowed hydroplane cleaves the waters of an August lake. A globular glory parachuted over his head, and as he thus progressed, nimbused in shouting color, a wake of children collected in the echo of his steps—an illustration by Heath Robinson for a poem out of Blake. Strange odors floated past on the faint breeze, and a discord of birds screamed in the treetops. A broom peddler tramped into the symphony, his heels ringing hard on the asphalt, his sweeps shouldered like a bayoneted rifle. On his seventeenth century face he wore the grin of Pan, because, forsooth, some feather-dustered hussy, viewing his wares at her mistress's back door, had deigned to smile upon him. . . . Remote and far, but curiously insistent, an obbligato wove itself into the score, the careful double note of the man who grinds knives.

Yes, the trained eye finds much of interest in a city street, for *Penrod* and *Sam* riot at every corner, neighbors in morning deshabille gossip on the porches, and a passing acquaintance with a giddy pup or a sleepy "Tom" wake pleasant fancies and stimulate thoughtful reflection. An ice wagon lumbering into an alley is a refreshing sight, and the spectacle of a refined book agent with foot and shoulder jammed into a door-opening, while a despairing woman dumbly protests her insolvency, or her husband's illness, is an occurrence not wholly devoid of entertain-

ment. Nor is a horse drinking at a trough an episode entirely without appeal; at least it suggests the presence of a driver in the nearby buffet, laying the gritty dust that has gathered in his honest throat.* And then, there are schools to be passed, and children clamoring in the grounds; and it is a poor corner lot at this season o' year that cannot show a cross section of the national baseball madness.

❖

And, "adventures are to the adventurous," as I have said before, although Mr. Disraeli said it first. . . . A narrow passage running beside and partly under a house, extending back to the next street, hints at least at romance, and quickens one's venturesome pulse. But what says the penny of fate? This time, all is well—to the right and through the passage, orders the reckless coin!

Half way through, a basement door stands open. Inside, a woman is ironing clothes. A dry steam rises from the board, as the iron glides forward and back over a spotless garment. Farther back in the murky depths there is a sound of running water. I am thirsty, made so by the cool dripping. The woman raises her head, and I see that she is young and not unbeautiful. Eyes the color of a bee, and hair of bronze that coils in heavy masses. Mediaeval salutations rise to my lips, but in the end I ask calmly enough for a drink of water. . . . I sip it slowly from a broken cup, as if it were wine, while the woman waits my further pleasure. She has put aside the iron, and now stands at ease, one hand on hip, looking curiously at me. I am thrilled. . . .

"It is an incident," said Henry James, "for a woman to stand up with her hand resting on a table and look out at you in a certain way." It is more; it is an adventure! In the present instance, no doubt, the woman is wondering whether, having drunk her water and taken her time, I shall attempt to sell her an orchard in Michigan, or burglarize the house. The sophistication of the modern housewife, when encountered, is as shrewd and disconcerting as it is infrequent. . . . I returned her glance.

"The cup that cheers but does not inebriate," I ventured, with a smile, risking her having heard it.

She stared blankly. Then a wonderful smile illuminated her face.

"Da handle ben broke off by my Louis," she explained. "It is an old cup!"

Something laughed mockingly, and skipped maliciously from the picture. I had a fleeting glimpse of Romance vanishing over the back fence.

A child clamored into the basement—Louis, no doubt. "Mother," it shrilled, "Can I have a piece of bread and a penny with sugar on it?"

"Thank you very much," I contrived, gratefully. . . . The passage took me.

A tardy milkman was talking with the young female who lived next door. Why had I not taken *her* passage? Had I but chosen *that*—but a thought hastened to console me: no doubt the milkman was her brother! Let us out into the air again; the confinement of side passages is stifling and the imagination becomes morbid.

Relentlessly my penny drove me northward and eastward, alternating from tail to head. I entered a suburban business thoroughfare, and in an instant the fury of suburban business was all about me. Wagons rattled past at the speed of baby-carriages, and the corner druggist was frantically selling stamps and telephone slugs. In a barber's establishment, a cherub of four or five was having his hair bobbed, the while he liberally daubed himself with the deadly stick candy furnished by the chirurgeon. The cherub's mother,

austerely at ease on the barber's bench, studied the deft performance critically, resolved herself next time to cut the cherub's hair. She returned my amused gaze with as much dignity as if I had no more than caught her in a pawnshop. . . .

At the next corner, before the door of his studio, stood the friendly neighborhood undertaker, taking the air and looking like nothing so much as one of his own corpses. Him, then, I accosted.

"And how did the election suit you?" I politely asked, not because I was interested, or thought he was; but because it is always a safe topic.

He blinked at me with the calm insolence of an undertaker taking the air.

"Well enough," was his reply. "Makes no difference to me who they elect."

"I should think not!" I echoed heartily. "Republican or Democrat, Socialist or Prohibitionist—you get him, broadly speaking, in the end!"

"Is that so?" retorted my friend the undertaker, with sudden fierce interest. "Don't make any such mistake. I get what I vote for!"

"The deuce!" I was shocked.

"Yes, sir! Because I choose to be an independent voter, thinking to please them all, the Democrats have got me tagged for a Republican, and the Republicans for a Democrat . . . and they take their business elsewhere!"

"You amaze me," said I. "Even in your business! I don't know what the town's coming to."

He morosely handed me his card, as I turned away, and I put it carefully into my case.

"If I am killed," I said, "they will find it in my pocket and bring me here."

He smiled gratefully, but without mirth.

"You're all right," said the undertaker. "I've just sent out for some ice cream. Will you step in and have a dish?"

But I politely declined. Undertakers are well enough in their place—at funerals and lodge meetings—but I could not imagine myself eating ice cream with one in his studio.

Diagonally, into a park, now, penny-led, I strolled. Symptoms of summer were visible in the half-flowering trees and shrubs, but the rusty green benches yet awaited their summer raiment. With sartorial safety, then, I sat down to ponder the strange condition of a young man who occupied the far end of a bench—the very bench indeed that I had chosen. The young man was perhaps twelve years of age, and obviously he was deeply perturbed. He squirmed and twisted in extraordinary fashion, eyed me furtively as I sat down, looked far away into the blue distance at a climbing spiral of smoke; then, with another furtive glance at me, produced a cigarette. He fumbled further in his manifold pockets. He found his knife, and a piece of string, and put them back. At length he confessed that he had not a match. Would I give him a light?

He was a wizened, pimply youth, generally unwholesome of appearance, and it occurred to me that the world would be well rid of such popular existences as he typified. I resolved to hasten his demise by encouraging his program of self-destruction. I handed the young moron a match.

"Thanks," he muttered, and evaded my eye. He lighted the "pill" with exaggerated sophistication.

"Why aren't you in school?" I casually asked him.

My victim leaped as if I had stabbed him. He clutched the back of the bench in a spasmodic grip, and breathed hard. His pimply face lost some of its yellow. He seemed to be upon the point of abrupt departure, although slightly stayed by fear.

"What's the matter with *you*?" I demanded.

"Are you a cop?" he hoarsely whispered.

I laughed aloud.

"So you're bumming from school, are you?"

He nodded, apprehensively, although somewhat disarmed by my mirth.

"I hate th' old school!" he passionately cried.

"Teachers pick on you?" I gently insinuated.

"All of 'em!" he savagely declared.

* The journey, of which this is the veracious chronicle, occurred before 2 per cent became a factor in affairs.



Spring Fashions for Easter

SPRINGTIME, the time when every living thing feels "a stir of might," "an instinct" to present itself in a lovelier, more fetching way than ever before. Time of bright sunlight, soft clouds, bursting buds and joyous exuberance. Small wonder is it that mankind takes to new raiment and makes a contribution to the universal splendor.

In our Third Floor Apparel Sections the spirit of Spring has penetrated even to the farthest corner. Here a saucy frock of taffeta rustles an invitation into the Costume Salon; there the soft folds of duvetyn suggest a realm of wraps of engaging loveliness. All about in a bewildering extravagance of beautiful fabric and design, poised habiliments of Spring, expectant and ready for your approbation and selection.

STIX BAER & FULLER
GRAND - LEADER

Well, he was not alone. I had felt that way myself. And it was spring. Stirring in the rat-faced boy was something he would not have understood had I explained it; something I did not understand myself. I began to entertain a kindlier feeling for him.

"But you'll get caught if you hang around here," I assured him. "Why not beat it for a less dangerous place?"

"I'm waiting for another guy," he said. "He ain't showed up yet."

"Maybe he lost his nerve," I suggested.

"That's what I was thinking," said he.

A policeman crunched down the gravel path. My young moron wilted into a bundle of limp woe.

"Buck up," I said. "We'll fool him."

I did not for a moment believe the officer would suspect my companion, but he did.

"Playin' hookey, ain't yeh?" he sneered, heavily, stopping before our bench. I assumed an air of surprise, followed by one of dignity. The moron lay back and weakly gasped.

"This is my son," said I, firmly, "and he is not playing hookey. We are about to go fishing. Come, Wilbur!"

With the bluecoat's fierce glare burning into our backs, we trudged off, the knees of the moron supporting him with difficulty. At a safe distance, I said:

"Now, cut and run, you young muff!"

He covered one hundred yards in ten flat. I had given him no more matches, which was a pity, but all in all, I fancy his day was not as pleasant as he had imagined it. He would have a trying time in the morning, when explanations were in order. It occurred to me that I might have helped him frame an adequate falsehood for the occasion, but perhaps indeed he was better at it than I; although I did not think so. It is an achievement to lie brilliantly, and I had learned in a hard school.

Crossing the park, I struck into a quiet residence thoroughfare, diapered with neat lawns and dotted with toy cottages so similar in appearance that a sense of the difficulty of finding one's own, after a bad night, overwhelmed me. I walked slowly past their windows. From one floated the ribald strains of "Kitchy-kitchy-kitchy-koo!" as played by the Edison band. They rolled out like strings of dancing jewels, and spilled melodiously about the neighborhood. They fairly dragged my feet up the steps and thrust my thumb into the rubber nipple. A pleasant-faced maid answered my unpremeditated ring.

"I am looking for Mr. Smith's house," I lied, bravely. "Can you direct me?"

Why, in moments of stress, does one invariably use the name Smith?

"This is Mr. Smith's house," said the maid.

Before the horror of this I fell back. My brain reeled, waltzed, one-stepped. But I gathered up the fragments.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" It is seldom indeed that Mr. Smith is at home during the day. In this, at least, I was right.

"Mr. Smith is at the office," politely said the maid, "and Mrs. Smith is out of town."

"Lucky Mr. Smith!" I was about to say, but I changed my mind. Instead, I observed: "I am sorry. You are *Miss* Smith?"

The maid explained that she was the maid. I elevated my brows, as I had seen it done in the movies. "I would not have believed it!"

"No?" retorted the maid, still pleasantly. "That's what they all say! Do you want to sell us a can opener, or beat the rugs?"

I feebly grimmed, murmuring contritely, "It wasn't very original, was it?"

But at this point the Victrola ran down with a succession of scratchy gasps. The maid fled into the house, leaving the door open. I could only follow, to make my apologies.

"It is all scratched!" cried the maid. "What shall I do?"

It had not yet occurred to her that I was an in-

truder. She was thinking of the record.

"Try it over again," I suggested. "Maybe it won't make any difference."

We acted on the suggestion, trying a new needle that the test might be perfect.

"Now for a dance!" said I, and looked her squarely in the eyes. But I added quickly: "I am not a burglar."

Perhaps I did not look like one; and the record was doing splendidly. The scratches hardly sounded. These girls have sense and very good eyes. In a moment this one laughed. It put us both at ease immediately.

"You have all the nerve the law allows," she complimented me, as she melted into my arms.

We danced the machine down twice, pleasantly forgetting the Smiths, one of whom was at the office, and the other away. A third round was out of the question, for Miss Florence Princep had work to do.

"I am Mr. Collins," I said, in full explanation of my crime, "but you had better say nothing about my call. I'll look in again, some day, when Mr. Smith is at home."

Saying which, I kissed the maid, paternally, and said good-bye.

"Mrs. Smith is usually out on Tuesdays," said Miss Princep, the pleasant-faced maid, *a propos* nothing.

"Strangely enough," I replied, "I often walk this way on Tuesdays," and, laughing, I went on my way. But I have not yet gone back. Some day, perhaps, I shall return—for another dance—but I rather fancy the adventure just as it stands.

Having lunched off a bar of chocolate, washed down by a flagon of the liquid which helped to make Milwaukee famous,² I resumed my penny promenade.

Although I had walked far, I was actually less than three miles in a direct line from my starting point. I had zigzagged much, and what with that and the dancing, I was a bit tired. I would have turned back gladly enough, but the implacable penny urged me on, ever northward and eastward, with just enough contrariness about its fallings to vary the monotony and inspire vain hopes. I was now definitely in a turbulent part of town, and quiet adventures were out of the question. Should I continue?—or curse the fates, and order my own course?

The better to think it over, I dropped into a moving-picture theatre and found an obscure seat in a back corner. For more than an hour I followed the screen performers through a series of highly artificial adventures, less strange than my own, and then, having seen the performance through, closed my eyes and gave myself over to thought. . .

❖

A gentle snore at my side roused me. It sounded within my very ear. I blinked in astonishment. Through the gloom of the showhouse I made out the features of a young man, with closed eyes, who occupied the seat next to mine. From his delicately turned nostrils had emanated the snore that had startled me. Yet, he had not been there when I closed my own eyes. Hurriedly I looked at my watch, peering hard at the dial in the darkness. It was three o'clock; apparently I had been asleep for an hour. The humor of the situation appealed to me, subtly, and I laughed so as to wake the slumberer at my side, who sat straight up with the quickness and poise of one perfectly accustomed to sudden awakenings in strange quarters.

The young man peered at me closely in the dusk of the dimly-lighted auditorium. Then he smiled, a winning smile that charmed and dazzled.

"Excuse me," I said. "I did not mean to wake you."

"I was careful not to disturb you when I climbed in," he retorted, with mock reproach. We both

laughed, and my new acquaintance consulted his watch as I had done before him.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "I have a dinner at four, and it's after three! Are you leaving now?"

"At once," said I.

"Come, then, we'll go together. . . . Do you often sleep here?" he inquired, when we had stumbled out into the street.

"This is my first offense."

"It is a comfortable enough place," he yawned. "I drop in nearly every afternoon, for a nap. My studio is in the next block."

"You are an artist?"

"Something of the sort. Are you in that line?"

"I am a writer."

"Good! I have a bottle of cheap wine in my room. Come on!"

I was about to follow when I remembered the fates.

"Wait!" I ordered. "It is for the gods to say!" And I produced my penny. He watched me curiously.

"What's the game?" he inquired.

"Tail!" I shouted, triumphantly. "I am ordered to follow you."

As we turned away to his rooms, I explained the novel performance he had witnessed, much to his satisfaction.

The studio of this delightful person was at the top floor of what had once been a considerable mansion, in the city's earlier days. Now it was an apartment house of forbidding aspect, in the lower front window of which hung the significant placard, "Furnished Rooms for Rent. Inquire Within." Like the other buildings in the square, a quaint side street only a block in length, it had been left in the backwash when the city's smart set moved north. We climbed innumerable steps to the upper regions, and in a little time my friend had flung open a door.

It was a charming, if untidy room into which I strode. Worn rugs carelessly covered the floor, except where, near the window, the artist's easel stood. Half finished pictures adorned the walls and stood in sheaves in corners; most of them portraits hurriedly sketched in. A box couch occupied the space immediately under the window, and there were two old but ornate chairs. Yet in this anachronistic chamber were electric lights and a bottle of wine. . . . We drank each other's health in silence; our better acquaintance with proper gravity.

"It is a solemn moment," said the artist, tossing his glass with a crash into the fireplace. "Don't throw yours, like a good fellow! I'm getting low on tumblers."

"You are a portrait painter, I see."

"I am the only portrait painter of my kind in the world," said my friend, with calm dignity. "I paint only the portraits of persons about to die!"

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated, thinking of my other friend, the undertaker, and his card within my pocket.

The artist smiled.

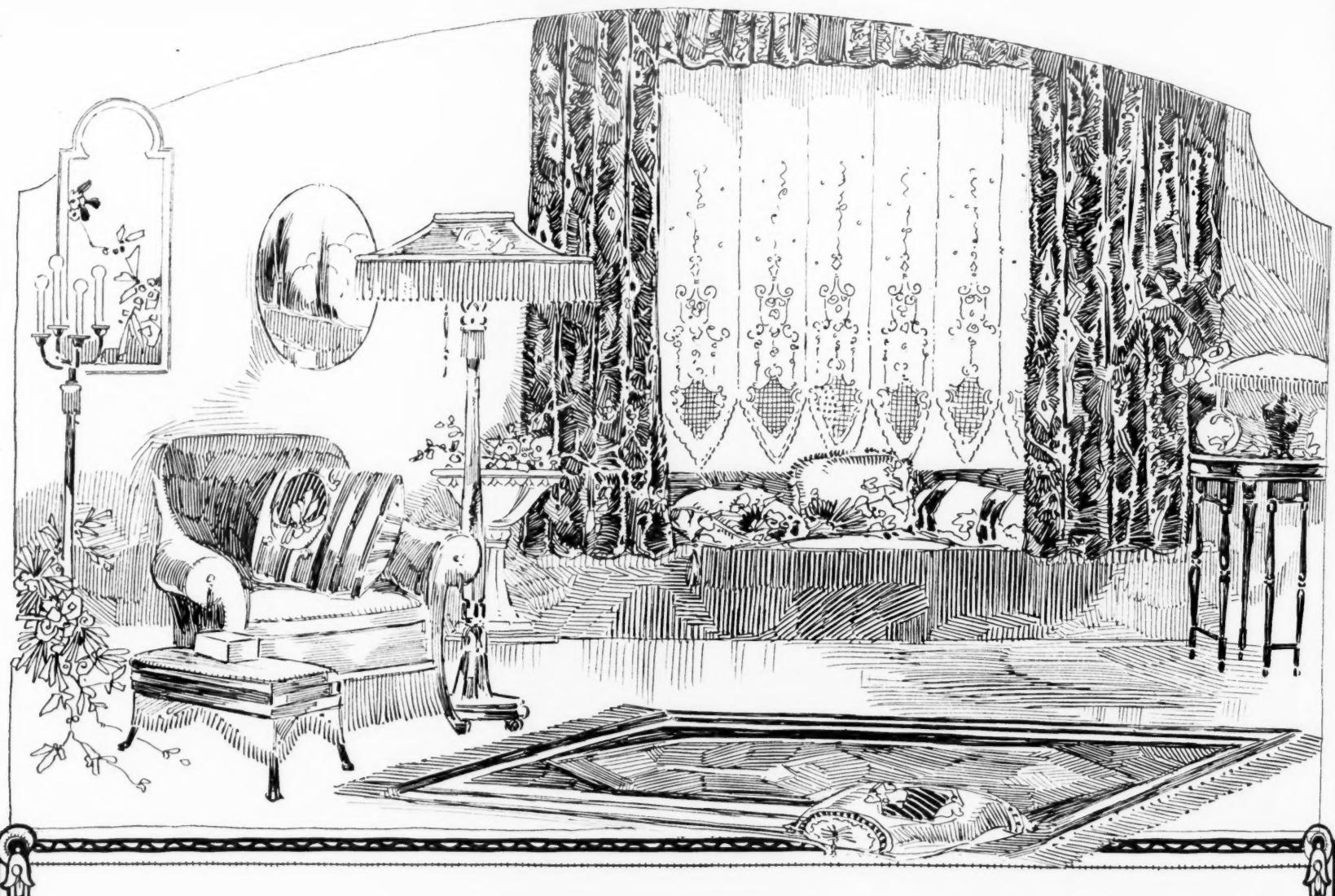
"You do not understand. I paint portraits of persons who are in ill health; when they die, I take my portraits to their next of kin and sell them for large sums of money."

"Indeed!" And where do you get your information concerning persons about to die?"

"There," said my friend, morosely rubbing his chin, "is where you touch me in a nervous spot. The fact is, I pick them out on the street, follow them, furtively sketch them, and finish the portraits at home. But I am an abominably bad guesser. Few of them really die. Out of ten attempts, since I have undertaken this work, I have failed nine times! Hence, you find me rather out of funds at the moment!"

At this astonishing confession I threw myself onto the box couch and roared with laughter, in which I was presently joined by the artist.

² Eheu, fugaces anni!



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"Otherwise," said he, when we had again saluted one another, and he had hurled the bottle after the glass, "I live by doing a bit of commercial work, now and again."

"I must run along," said I. "You spoke of a dinner at four; or was it *for* four? Your guests will be arriving soon."

"Purely mythical," said the artist, cheerily. "Invented on the spur of the moment for your wonderment. I throw off such ideas as a carriage wheel throws off mud, after it has crossed the ford and is climbing the hill on the farther side. This process goes on night and day and needs no oil."

"We are birds of a feather!"

Having said this, I heartily shook his hand, bade him look in upon me soon, obtained his promise, and took my departure.

❖

The afternoon was waning as I struck out for the nearest corner, there to toss my penny. If the fates were kind, shortly I would be directed back to the westward, and would tack south and west until I reached my home. The coin first drove me back to the corner held down by the moving-picture houses.

"Head or tail?" I joyously asked of the crossing policeman.

"Tail!" said he, instantly. I tossed the coin.

"You lose!" I told him, and turning my back I bore away to the west, leaving him enjoying the aroma of my friend the artist's wine, which now enveloped me like an aura.

There was no policeman on the next corner with whom to gamble, and I was forced to fling my penny against the wall of a building...

Darkness was stealing in over the city; its advance shadows blurred the landscape of houses, stores, posts, and street cars. My penny tinkled to the pavement and rolled. It glinted once on its course, a sparkle in the void; then, as I stepped swiftly forward, vanished down a sidewalk grating...

Head or tail! Which!

There was nothing for it but to see. Over the door of the shop whose grating had swallowed my penny, was a sign, "B. Kolwitz, Ladies' Suits." I entered and asked for Mr. Kolwitz.

There was no Mr. Kolwitz, it developed. Miss Kolwitz, however, whose three-dimensioned growth suggested progressive elephantiasis, would be glad to serve me. To Miss Kolwitz, huge and black, I explained my dilemma... My fountain pen, valued as a gift from a dear friend, now dead, had been carelessly dropped through the grating before her display window. I regretted the circumstance exceedingly, and the trouble to which I would be putting Miss Kolwitz, but might I go to the cellar and recover my pen?

The incident was exceptional, Miss Kolwitz admitted; but the boxes and barrels before that cellar window giving onto the recess, had not been moved in years; I would cover myself with dust. Still, if I cared to try... But I would have to be quick, for the light was fast going, and she would not dare risk a candle among those boxes. I declared my willingness to undertake the recovery at whatever cost.

"Miss Markheim," said B. Kolwitz, "will show you the way."

It was very decent of this large woman not to accompany me herself; but rather to choose the handsomest salesgirl in the establishment. As Miss Markheim and I groped down the dismal, creaking steps into the damp cellar, this thought occurred to me a number of times. Once when the young Jewess slipped, I caught and steadied her with an arm about her waist. It was a slim waist, yielding and desirable. I carried her down the last three steps, and kissed her only when we had reached the bottom of the flight. Such forbearance, I could not but reflect, was not usual with me. She laughed shrilly, as at an accustomed embrace, but returned the salute without resentment. Then, hand in hand, like two babes in the wood, we navigated the labyrinth of

containers and discovered the blockaded window. I hurled boxes furiously aside until I had it open.

My fountain pen I recovered at once, having had it in my hand for some moments. But I ventured the suggestion that many things must have fallen through that grating in the years it had been in place. Perhaps much money! The thought stirred the girl at my elbow.

Rapidly I brushed over the accumulated dirt of days, weeks, months, and years. At once a coin was under my fingers. I hauled it into the faint light. It was a dime. I continued the search until another thrilled my touch. It was a penny. *The penny!* Further search proved fruitless. The total wealth hidden by the barred sidewalk window of this strange bank was eleven cents.

"You take the dime, and I will keep the penny," I said. "We will keep them always as souvenirs of our meeting."

"Why?" asked Miss Markheim. "A dime will buy an ice cream soda. Your penny will not even buy a telephone slug; but if you are near a free phone, my number is Blackman 2497."

She was smiling in the half-darkness.

"I shall remember it," I said, gravely, "and when I am out of the store, I shall write it down." We sealed the bargain.

The penny had fallen tail up; I had been careful to note that. The gods were still with me, for that way lay home. With the recovered talisman clutched in a moist embrace. I plunged westward in the now enshrouding darkness. Dinner would be waiting at home, and I had far to go. A street car clanged by, gonging sonorously. A deep sense of weariness possessed me. But... was there anything in the rules forbidding riding?

With a rush, I boarded the next car. My last nickel was in my pocket, with the penny of fate. The former I handed to the conductor, who looked sourly upon it.

"Want more," said he. I staggered away from him.

"Six cents!"

"Since yesterdy," said the conductor.

Manifestly, the gods had put it squarely up to me... tired perhaps of the senseless dance I was leading them. Reluctantly, I yielded up my golden penny, and passed into the car...

Shall I again undertake a 'penny walk'? Now that my penny is gone, who shall say? An ordinary penny will not do. This was one of the early Lincoln pennies, you must understand, with the initials in the southeast corner. The date is 1911. If any one of my readers shall happen to acquire it in change from a newsboy, I shall take it as a favour if he will return it to me.

❖

The League's First Case

By Andrew Boyle

THE reservations made on behalf of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States Delegation in the Covenant of the League of Nations and, later, by the United States Senate in its discussion of that Covenant, are very difficult for outsiders to understand.

It would be reasonable to suppose that the basic principle of that doctrine—to keep the powers outside America from oppressing or conquering the independent states of that continent—is amply safeguarded in the terms of the Covenant itself.

If, on the other hand, they refer to the hegemony of the United States in America as outlined, as recently as 1918, by President Wilson in his address to the Mexican editors, it would not be difficult to show that this hegemony is either ignored or resented throughout Latin America.

If, again, they refer to the right of the United States to settle disputes in America rather than have them submitted to European arbitration, their justification is still difficult to prove.

The disputes in South America have been con-

cerned for the most part with boundaries and have been settled either directly between the countries concerned or submitted for settlement to European arbitration. In the one case where the intervention of Washington was pre-eminently necessary—in the matter of the Chilean annexation of Peruvian territory after the war of 1879—it can be proved that the Monroe Doctrine was invoked to preclude European intervention on behalf of Peru and that the United States, left with the matter entirely in her hands, first platonically opposed the Chilean annexations, thereby encouraging Peru to continue her resistance to them, and finally abandoned Peru altogether to the Chilean conqueror, thus consecrating a war of conquest from the spoils of which Chile still derives the greater part of her income.

But if these reservations refer to that new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine still called Pan-Americanism which was first officially formulated during the war by Brazil and later by Uruguay, and which provides for mutual support against the outside world and international arbitration among the countries of America, the Chile-Peru dispute still remains a test case.

The United States has hitherto refused intervention on the grounds that Chile does not wish to submit the case to arbitration. This is not surprising, as any award whatsoever must necessarily go against her. Such an objection, however, would not hold good before the League of Nations, which stands for compulsory arbitration. To prove her case, therefore, the United States must coerce Chile into submitting the dispute for settlement; failing this, as both Chile and Peru have subscribed to the Covenant, Peru can, and should, invoke the intervention of the League. This case, in fact, promises to be the first to come before that body.

The present article is only concerned with the Chilean violation of the Treaty of Ancon which presents a case for arbitration. For an account of the causes and history of the war itself, the reader is referred to the late Sir Clements Markham's "History of the War Between Chile and Peru." The war, which was one of conquest on the part of Chile, whose desire had been excited by the discovery of rich nitrate deposits in the territory of Peru, resulted, through her superior equipment and studied preparation, in a complete victory for her. Her plans for annexation were opposed by the United States on principle; but that country's opposition was undermined by the admission that Chile was entitled to recompense herself for her war expenses. It was admitted in the Chilean Congress at the time that she had more than repaid herself for these from her plunder and war levies. This shows that even under the above monstrous assumption there was no justification for annexation. But on this Chile insisted: Peru was in her hands and the United States was either unable or unwilling to bring her to reason.

Finally the Treaty of Ancon was signed (1883) by which Peru ceded to Chile in perpetuity the province of Tarapacá (the richest nitrate field in the world) and for a period of ten years the provinces of Tacna and Arica. At the close of this period, according to the terms of the treaty, a *plébiscite* was to decide whether the provinces were to become Chile's altogether or to continue to belong to Peru. A special protocol, which was to form an integral part of the treaty, was to be drawn up containing the terms and conditions of the *plébiscite*.

Long before the expiry of the ten years, Peru made representations for the drawing up of the protocol, but Chile made no serious reply save to urge that Peru should accept a sum of money instead of the provinces. The wording of the treaty makes it clear that Chilean authority in the provinces ceased with the expiry of the period stipulated; but it soon became apparent that she regarded the whole transaction as a veiled annexation drawn up in that form to deceive the Peruvian negotiators of the treaty, and it is needless to say that she still holds the provinces by force. There were a number of Chileans



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who, influenced no doubt by the relative unimportance of the territory involved, urged the literal fulfilment of the treaty, but they were not influential enough against official opinion.

In this connection it is important to note that Chile's attitude throughout has been varied and uncertain. Her innumerable changes of government with apparently a continual change of foreign policy have given her orientation on this subject a kaleidoscopic effect. Thus one moment Chile proposes to Chileanize the provinces and to hold the *plébiscite* when it is certain to go in her favor; again she proposes giving them (for a consideration) to Bolivia whom she has robbed of her outlet to the sea, thus killing two birds with one stone; and, at rarer intervals, when her relations with other republics (for example, Argentina) have been strained, she has adopted a conciliatory attitude towards Peru, promising her the restoration of the provinces. This latter attitude has been very rare and has never lasted longer than suited Chile's immediate purpose. It is strange, therefore, that, after this parti-colored attitude, she should attribute the failure of a settlement to "the instability of the Peruvian government."

That there have been political disturbances in Peru it would be foolish to deny, but the orientation of the Peruvian government throughout on this subject has never changed; and this cannot be said of Chile. Peru, according to the Chilean historian, Bulnes, has always held the blindest faith in the result of the *plébiscite*, while, according to the same writer, the attitude of the Chilean government has been contradictory.

The Chilean conditions for the holding of the *plébiscite*, as quoted by themselves, are grotesque. They provide for the admission to the polls of Chileans and foreigners after a residence in Tacna and Arica of six months; and as they also stipulate for the lapse of a period of six months between the signing of the protocol and the holding of the *plébiscite*, it is clear that their intention is to fill the provinces with Chileans and foreigners whose vote will overwhelm that of the indigenous Peruvian.

The right of foreigners to vote in such a matter is clearly contrary to the ordinary usage and it speaks well for Peruvian moderation that she agreed to it, only stipulating for a longer period of residence to prevent the obvious packing of the jury. Again with regard to the council under whose control the *plébiscite* is to be held, it is agreed that it is to be composed of a Chilean, a Peruvian, and a neutral. It would be reasonable to expect that the neutral should be president of the council and this is the Peruvian suggestion; but Chile insists that the Chilean must be president. The object is, of course, to enable Chile to break off the whole affair once it runs counter to Chilean interests. It must be borne in mind that, in all matters in dispute with regard to this, Peru has been willing to submit to arbitration, and Chile has persistently refused.

Gage

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

LAVE me, and let the sacrifice be mine;
Leave me, and let me take the way I know
Twixt sleep and waking, though it be to go
The long road home—and I will ask no sign.

A lark is at his early cup of dew;
The hills march down like armies to the sea,
Bearing the dawn's red standard. Can it be
Beauty is but a wall to batter through?

I have had far too great a joy of these
Shadows and misty semblances to hope
For light more searching or for keener sight.
Let me be lost and beaten to my knees,
I will rise up the gladlier to grope
Through such a darkness, through so rich a
night!

Ma-Ha-Su-Ma

By Charles J. Finger

Talking with a physician friend who had read "Noa-Noa" and O'Brien's "White Shadows" and in addition to impressions gathered from those books, had formed certain notions of savage life and habits of thought from the earlier reading of H. Rider Haggard and James Fenimore Cooper. I found him astonished when I remarked casually that in my own experience some savages had no knowledge whatever of any Supreme Being, while their materialism was so intense as to be Nietzschean. From that, we passed to the consideration of "savages in literature." Presently, my friend challenged me to set down in literal truth a picture of savage life as I had known it. "Ma-ha-su-ma" is the result.

The picture is of some thirty years ago. Today, the Ooans have almost disappeared. Mr. Reedy has been furnished with such documentary proof, in the shape of pages from old note books and diaries, as convinces him, I believe, that I lived for a time with the natives, and it seems well to add that both W. H. Hudson and Cunningham Grahame, who know Patagonia better than I do, have expressed their opinion that such sketches of life as they had read, portrayed "wild life" accurately.

In Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" (Chap. X) and, in places, in John R. Spear's "Gold Diggers of Cape Horn" the interested reader will find confirmation of the savage viewpoint here presented.

Captain Slocum had something to say of the natives in the Magellan Straits, in his book recording the Journey of the *Spray*, but what he wrote regarding his experiences and how he circumvented the Indians by scattering tacks on the deck of his sloop I would set down as a traveler's tale. Mr. Fathom, some years ago in *Outing*, had a fairer presentation. Lady Florence Dixie also wrote a book on the Straits country, but it was the mere record of a short horseback ride in company with some German prince, and the effect upon the reader was something like that of Campbell's "Wyoming." Anyway, here's the tale, and I wish that I could find an editor willing to publish what should logically follow—the death of *Ma-ha-su-ma* at the hands of a "civilized" man.

C. J. F.

LITTLE lapping waves meeting the sands of the sea-beach at low water, made a silvery, serrated streak that pierced the foot of the precipitous headland to the south. Landward, the sand was heaped in ramparts one above another. A pungent smell of seaweed filled the air. Between high and low water mark, great rocks thrust themselves through the sand as though they had sought sunlight, but had been seized upon and held down by thousands of little, black mussels. Above high water mark was the sand-sprinkled flotsam of years. There were bleached, crooked tree trunks, pieces of packing cases, a broken mast, the ribs of a wrecked boat and empty bottles innumerable. These last were treasures in the eyes of the wandering Ooan and Yaghan Indians who made arrow tips from them. There was little vegetation except beach grass and a few dull, green shrubs of a hardy, defiant sort. Far out to sea and westward, like the heads of giant gods that swam side by side, three islands peered through the mist that enveloped the world.

Ma-ha-su-ma stood on the shore, a figure as of bronze, lithe and slender. Her form was the form of an athlete. Her baby, as naked as she, lay in the sand, sucking a raw mussel with the same satisfaction and enjoyment that a child of civilization would suck a candy stick. *Ma-ha-su-ma* was examining curiously a bottle of jam that she had found among the flotsam. To her, the thing was strange and puzzling, and, she thought, some natural thing, like the coker-nut she had once found. That it was of human manufacture, did not cross her mind. She passed her hand around it and over the metal top that a skilful twist would have removed. But her hands, that could form arrow heads rapidly, or could twist sinews for bow strings, or open shell-fish deftly, or skin an animal or a bird, could not compass the removal of the bottle top. Once she licked the bottle in an attempt to get the taste of the strange red substance, and then she smelt of it. Then she clasped it closely to her breast awhile, and, after, squatted down and held it between her thighs to find whether the warmth of her body would cause it to open as sometimes stubborn seashells did. Such efforts failing, she picked up a stone and gave the bottle a quick blow, shattering it. Avoiding the glass particles, she tasted the contents. Finding it good, she fed some to the baby, using a short piece of stick. The little one took the new food with avidity. Thus it came presently, that when Colus, the *carretera*, came with his yoke of oxen round the headland, the child was sick and vomiting.

Colus was from the Mission, a convert of two years. He was a kind of connecting link between

the Christianized Indians and those in a state of continued unblessedness. The work that had been assigned him gave him an opportunity to enjoy both the comforts of mission civilization and those of savagery, for, unknown and unsuspected by the missionary or his assistant, he kept in close touch with the unregenerate. Thus he was refreshed as a prisoner is refreshed and sustained by outdoor exercise. He was dressed in an old pair of dungaree pants and a blue coat that had once been part of an officer's uniform. He was hatless, shirtless and barefoot. His black hair lay lank on his shoulders. His figure was well-proportioned, and his limbs sturdy and muscular. His tone of voice was calm and grave.

Seeing *Ma-ha-su-ma*, he left his team and ran along the beach to her with swift, long steps, taking off his coat as he went. He greeted her with a few words in her tongue, after which the two of them sat down and solemnly regarded the spread of waves and gray-white beach, as children might have done. After a while he divested himself of his dungarees as a man would take off his overcoat, finding it superfluous. The keen, cold air did not trouble either of them.

"What have you to eat?" she asked, after a time. Colus leaped to his feet without a word and ran to the ox-cart to return directly with a half loaf of bread and some hard biscuits, and these they munched together. Now and then, one or the other of them would chew a mouthful of the biscuit until it was soft, and feed the child.

Their talk fell on the mission and Colus was soon trying to persuade her to join it, as he had often done before. In his savage truthfulness he pictured some of the ills of mission life, such as the "white man's cough" that comes upon the Indians, but he dwelt upon the benefit of unlimited supplies of bread, and biscuit, and sugar, and that as a bait, seemed to interest her. Her chief objection was to the wearing of clothes, which, she complained, not only hurt, but hampered, so that those that wore them could neither run nor swim. He admitted that the clothes were uncomfortable and showed her a raw place under his arm where the skin had chafed. Then he appealed to her sense of pity, telling her of his lack of companionship. There were, he said, few women at the mission, and many men, so that many were without women. What was foolish beyond belief, was that He of the Long Coat refused to allow a woman to offer companionship to any other than one man, and, having chosen a man, she had to stay with him no matter how much she desired change.

"That," said *Ma-ha-su-ma*, "is what no woman would do."

"They do not," was his reply, "but when they change, they hide it from Long Coat."

"Does Long Coat have but one woman?" she asked.

Colus pondered long before making reply. Then he said slowly, "I think there are no white women. I have seen none. Long Coat has none, neither has another. This other is Commons, a man of small body who dwells in the house with Long Coat. Also I have seen ships with white men many times, but no white woman was on the ship. Nor are there women with those white people that come to hunt the seal. There are no white women."

"Then if there are none to bear children, soon will the white man be gone," said she.

"They need no children," Colus said. "The white man says that he does not die. Of a chance, should one be killed, he comes alive again as one does when he wakes after sleeping."

"If that is true, it is strange. I would like to kill one of them as I kill a penguin and see him rise again. But it is strange that it should be so. The white men seem weak. They look like dead fish."

"They talk much" said Colus. "They tell much of what no eye has seen, so that either they lie greatly or know much. But this I know. They kill things foolishly and where there is no need."

"Like an albatross, Colus, I take what I eat from



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the sea and the land, going swiftly lest I hunger. But those at the mission stand chattering and crowded like foolish penguins."

"It is so," agreed he. "Yet He of the Long Coat says he has a master, one called God, who requires that men be weak and broken in spirit, striking not when struck."

"Then your Long Coat serves a fool," declared Ma-ha-su-ma.

At that they dismissed the subject from their minds, and sat looking at one another with the wide-eyed, unflinching curiosity of little children. A listener might have thought that their conversation lagged, but that would be because they said little that to their thinking was not fundamental. Presently Colus recommenced to urge her to go with him to the mission. There were times, he said, when clothes could be dispensed with, when He of the Long Coat did not see.

She made him no promise nor gave him hope, but helped him to load his ox cart with driftwood. She ran from cart to drift pile and back again, bounding lightly as a *guanaco* with the grace of youth and elasticity. There was a free, long stride and thigh movement, altogether different from the rigid knee motion and the shortened half hopping step of a skirted woman trying to run.

The load being completed, she took a seat on the top of it and amused herself by pitching small pieces of bark on to the backs of the oxen, while Colus ran back for his clothes. When he returned with them over his arm and found her there, instead of running away up the sand dune as she had done on former occasions, he showed his delight by capering about as a pleased boy does, leaping high and slapping his thighs. Then, being assured that she would go with him, he threw his dungarees up to her and told her to put them on.

"So only," said he, "will the Man with the Long Coat receive you there. All must wear things."

She leaped down lightly and he aided her to put on the pants. Trying to walk, she exclaimed at their awkwardness. After a time she said, "I can walk if I hold them thus, so let us go."

"The little one, I will carry," said Colus. "Holding your clothes you cannot hold the child."

"Let us leave it," she said. "It is of no value. It is not built strong and square. Poor and weak like the white men, it will never make a hunter. The first child a woman has is often so."

Colus sat down in front of his team to think over this new problem. Her idea was also his, but he had been taught at the mission to believe that things should be otherwise. Weaklings, they made much of, strangely enough, and he recalled a case in which a woman had been punished for throwing a very sick child into the sea. Therefore he said that the child should not be left. Paternal affection did not enter into his cogitations. Indeed Ma-ha-su-ma herself did not suspect that there was any relationship between Colus and the child, nor did she have any idea that it was a result of their many meetings. A child, according to her notion, just came as hair came and nails grew, unexpected, undesired. Eventually Colus prevailed, and contrived to button the little one inside of his coat, Ma-ha-su-ma's hands being fully occupied.

And so Ma-ha-su-ma came to leave the wilds.

II.

A lusty lad, accustomed to work in the open, would suffer no more if condemned to work in a vapor room than Ma-ha-su-ma did during the first weeks that she spent at the mission station. The confinement oppressed her. She lost much of her gaiety. She felt herself to be personally dirty. The air within doors seemed insufficient, as it does to a man suddenly taken from a mountain top to sea level. Her greatest annoyance was the heat of the sheltered places. She had never used fire for any other purpose than to give a little glow and a low flame. Fire for her, and for her people, had been used more as a plaything than anything else. Such fires as she had built and tended, had not been allowed to grow larger than the palm of a man's hand, and the heat from that was enough to cause

mussels to open when laid close on a flat stone.

She sorely missed the friendly sting of the wind too. In her life the only shelter that she had known was that afforded by a little bush. When she and her people found a beach rich in shell fish, they had camped there until the supply was exhausted. The empty shells they had cast aside until there was formed a circular heap and in this saucer-like hollow she had slept of nights, coiled among the many dogs, descendants of shipwrecked forbears that followed the tribe. Of the many species of dogs that had come to the land, many had entirely disappeared, and the prevailing types that remained were two. One of these was short haired and hound like and yellow as to color. The other was shaggy and somewhat like a sheep dog, of black and white, with black predominating. Reverting to type, these dogs never barked.

At the mission, Ma-ha-su-ma found consolation in the companionship of the dogs there. They formed a link with the life she had left behind. Running and racing with them, she could be happy. But soon this companionship was forbidden. The prohibition came from Edward Commons, the assistant missionary. One night, when taking his little walk, he found her in the rear of the woodshed, sleeping with a half dozen dogs coiled near and about her. Striking a match, he was astonished to see that she was stark. He ordered her to her cabin and walked to his house with a mind full of foggy ideas. He had no clear notion of anything in particular, but felt that every barrier that could be raised should be placed between her and that which might serve to remind her of her old life and habits. Thereafter she was closely watched, and, in order that she might be kept from going to the dogs, was put to work in the kitchen, until, it being discovered that she had prevailed upon the Fuegian cook to dispense with clothes, she was put to sheep herding.

The new language she learned with ease. Her practised habits of perception and keen senses made the task easy. Stimulated by the reward of candy and sugar, she easily memorized the texts and prayers that were part of the curriculum of the mission school. In time, dimly understanding something of what Commons taught, there grew within her a confused notion of some land far away in which Commons seemed to have lived. It was a land to which white men went when they reawoke after death. The Fuegians there were on suffrance and merely as on-lookers, liable to instant dismissal or worse. Master of this land was a being she named the "God-fellow." He bore a marked resemblance to the Man with the Long Coat. She imagined him as seated on an ass at all times. That idea she had gained from a picture that hung in the school room showing Christ riding into Jerusalem. This being was, apparently, very tired of everything. He also seemed weakly. But about him were many strange things of which she had learned through the medium of pictures. There were bicycles and locomotives, but both were to her immobile. There were electric lights and fireworks, fountains and monumental arches, executions and crucifixions, for she was unable to separate the teacher's description of his native land from his talk of heaven. To her thinking, the ass with its long ears and strange tail was peculiarly a heavenly beast, for in her experience there was no animal like it. For the amusement, apparently, of the tired "God-fellow," there were civic parades and circuses, athletic contests and much singing in chorus. There were many beings known as angels, and these she pictured as penguins, the only winged things in her experience that stood still for long. To her, "up north," "back home," "up yonder" and the "heavenly home" were varied names for one and the same place. Soldiers and saints, men who did magic, animals that talked, penguin-like people that sang and flapped ineffective wings, and a vast multitude of black-coated white men who preached, all wound around and about, performing and exhibiting near the edge of a cliff at the foot of which was a huge, uncomfortable, roaring fire into which those like herself were being continually cast for the amusement of the lonely

"God-fellow" who had nothing to do but to sit and look, and no woman to lie with. The scene was set in Tierra del Fuego and the background was a lowering sky with chasing clouds scurrying before a half gale that bore the smoke from the great fire into the faces of the gathered crowd. "The God-fellow must cough much," she thought with a tinge of pity for him.

Once her multiplied doubts caused her to challenge Mr. Commons in school and she expressed the firm opinion that, physically, Christians were far inferior to those that they sought to change. She hazarded an opinion that the "God-fellow" was weak minded and careless. At this there had arisen a hubbub in class and the Fuegians had sided with her. Pent-up opinions found expression and were hurled across the room by those who sometimes cowered as soon as they had said their say, for, having been long at the mission, they had learned fear. There was some savage sarcasm but no insult, for their language was deficient in terms of abuse. Could white folk make a fire? Could Commons spear a fish? Could he make an arrowhead from a glass chip? Could he catch and skin a seal? Could he run? Why was he lost when he ventured inland once? Why did his skin not keep him warm? Why did his friend God never come to see him? Why was he afraid of God? Why was he physically weak? Had he ever died and come alive? Why did he have no woman?

Thenceforth Mr. Commons set himself to the task of trying to gain the respect of the Fuegians in his charge by a display of physical prowess. He perceived that there was a truth in their expressed doubts of his white-man efficiency. So he took occasional trips with Colus and the bullock-cart. He essayed the use of the ax and was delighted when he learned the proper use of the wedge in splitting logs. He tried valiantly to overcome his intense, inborn dread of the sea and ventured on short, timid trips about the bay in the little sail boat, using at first the oars, and, later, the sail when the wind was light. Once, venturing beyond the headland, he was proud and delighted when he found that he could tack back almost to his starting point. He grew bolder as he felt that he was learning things.

One day he sailed out to the sand bar where Ma-ha-su-ma stood in her canoe spearing fish. Her bright red petticoat and bodice made the only spot of color in the slate gray scene and it attracted him. Nearing her anchorage, he found her beckoning him to return. Approaching closer, he heard her warning that the wind would rise soon. At that he laughed a little boastfully, declaring that white men were not afraid, then immediately felt a superstitious dread that he would be punished for his boast. Then, thinking to improve matters, as a line of a half forgotten poem crossed his mind, he said as he slid past, "God is in the storm as well as in the calm for his people. He can make the waves still," and so continued on his way, intending to make a long tack as he caught the breeze outside the headland.

Five minutes later he found himself in difficulties. The little boat shot into rough water, and, as the bow lifted to bump with a crack like a pistol shot on the next wave, his heart began to fail him. Bringing up into the wind to make his turn, the advancing waves seemed terribly hungry as he sank into the trough of the sea and momentarily lost sight of all land. Then, raised high a moment later, he felt as though he would be swallowed in the green gulf beneath. He became panic stricken and a careless, irresolute movement of the rudder brought the boat about so that the next wave struck it amidships, filling it. Another and another followed, and soon seas were striking the sail. After that, things had no more consecutiveness for him until he found himself in the water, chilled to breathlessness, and scrambling up to grip the keel. He lost all sense of sound and power of thought. His world was limited to a little circle a few feet in diameter that was troubled water that tossed and

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fell. Later, he became conscious of the gale of wind that was heaping the seas into watery, ragged hills.

Ma-ha-su-ma had seen the accident from the comparatively calm water behind the headland. The affair interested, but did not excite her and she allowed her canoe to drift while she stood upright, balancing herself with no effort, as she watched. She watched with the same dispassionate interest that one might watch the struggle of a bird striving against a strong headwind. The distance that separated the two of them was no more than a quarter of a mile, and the dividing line that marked the still water from the rough but a few canoe lengths away. There came to her a half notion that something of a miraculous nature might happen. She looked around to see whether the God-fellow might not be walking on the water. Then she began to realize the danger that he was in and it flashed across her mind that she was then of far more worth than the strange being that Commons so often called on. The effect of the thought was as if she had been challenged. She squatted in the canoe, and, with a few swift strokes, sent her bark into the zone of rough water.

The gale did not trouble her. She had been out in the like of it before. The general direction of the wind aided her and she neared the capsized boat rapidly. Deftly she came alongside the wreck, so close that the canoe scraped Commons' leg. She had her work to do to prevent him from trying to clamber in forthwith, and, when he stretched forth his hand frantically to grasp her gunnel, she cracked him sharply across the knuckles. At that he understood, and, with her help, managed to half fall, half throw himself over the stern. Then he lay exhausted, panting and shivering, while she paddled without a backward look.

Daring, after a time, to raise his head cautiously because of an unconquerable fear that any rapid movement would overturn the canoe, he noticed that she was keeping the head of her craft out to sea, and it took a long time for him to comprehend that in that direction alone lay comparative safety. It took him longer still to realize that it was not possible to turn the light boat at all in that sea. Then it dawned upon him that she was making for one of the distant islands and heading nearly straight before the wind. He began to see her plan then and to understand that their only hope of safety lay in reaching the slack water in the lee of one of them, if any quiet water there was. He tried to rally himself and made some inane remark to which she gave no heed. Then he fell to praying silently, but fervently—praying that they might be allowed to reach land in safety, and, secretly cursed meanwhile, his own ineptitude. Over and over again he prayed, sometimes with clasped hands, sometimes mentally, and sometimes uttering words only half connected. But in spite of his mental distress, in spite of his shiverings and intense bodily discomfort, he noticed the play of the muscles of Ma-ha-su-ma's back and shoulders, her rhythmic motion, undulant and graceful, for she had cast off the bodice for greater ease in paddling, and was clad only in her wool petticoat. Once he found that he had ceased to pray, watching her, then recommenced, changing his petition to a plea that she might be strengthened.

Meanwhile, the gale increased in fury and the little craft scudded before the storm, riding the waves lightly, the Indian's efforts being now confined in keeping the proper direction. Then, as he caught a glimpse of the island on his right, drifting rapidly as it seemed, rearward, he began to fear that after all they would overshoot the little land and send into the gray nothingness of ocean far ahead.

Suddenly, magically as it seemed to the frightened man, the waters somewhat subsided, though the gale shrieked fiercer. Through chattering teeth he said:

"The Lord has helped us in our need."

Ma-ha-su-ma heard, and looking over her shoulder said: "Foolish weak man. Your God-fellow did nothing. I did it."

After a few more vigorous strokes she paused in her efforts and pushed the hair from her face, say-

ing: "If you were strong as men should be, you would not fear as you do. You would not pray. You would work. If you were strong, you would not be cold as you are. . . . Take this, little man."

She wriggled out of her petticoat and threw it to him, then resumed her paddling, commencing to make a wide turn so as to come well within the lee of the island. Commons wrapped himself in the garment, drawing it about his shoulders and muttering something apologetically.

In the cross currents the task of approaching the shore was difficult, but she was skilful. There was a heavy swell near the beach that ran crosswise, and Commons, too scared, too eager, fell full length in his attempt to land. Nor did he make an effort to rise, but crawled on hands and knees up the slope, his clothes and the petticoat hindering him the more, as the draw-back of the waves caught at him and took the clutched sand and gravel from his grasp.

Ma-ha-su-ma tugged at the canoe, and, taking advantage of the lift of the waves, dragged it to high water mark. Her efforts caused her warm blood to circulate freely, so that when the job was done, and she turned to help Commons, he found the touch of her body warm and grateful and clung to her as a child would to its mother, until she shook him off impatiently.

The little island was roughly wedge-shaped with the blunt side facing south-east, from which direction the storm came. The shape of it made it impossible for the two to find shelter of any kind, for the wind, striking the high edge, streamed down the slope with a speed and fury that seemed vindictive. Neither were there hills nor depressions save little cup-like holes that were full of brackish rain water.

The waves, as if urged by some blind, imperious power, came out of gray nothingness devouringly, as though they would tear the islet from its base. The spray from their breaking leaped a hundred feet into the air, paused a brief moment like smoke from an explosion, then fell, to drift before the wind across the half-mile of bare land, and mingle again with the mother sea.

Having assured herself that the canoe was safe, Ma-ha-su-ma walked the slope to the crest of the ridge which formed the top of the *baranca*. Commons, for very company's sake, followed her. From there, they saw the utter hopelessness of shelter. There was neither tree nor bush, hill nor hollow, and only here and there a few scattered tufts of wire grass. The girl leaned against the storm and peered into the grayness.

"Ooshioa," said she, then translating, "A place of great wind. . . . Much wind blow now, little man, for many, many days."

"Then may God help us," he said.

She turned on him suddenly with bared teeth as an angry dog might. "You lie to yourself with your God. Your talk only makes more wind. If you wait for God, you will die quick."

"I have faith," he said miserably.

"I know not your faith," she made reply. "In my arms, my legs, my body and my wit I have faith. Forget your God-talk and do things. Work! Run! Hate the things that would beat you, as I hate and beat the storm."

Then she started towards the north end of the island at a run. He gathered up his petticoat and followed at a distance, moaning. Losing sight of her soon, he called, saying "Ma-ha-su-ma, Ma-ha-su-ma, wait for me! Wait for me!" But she paid no attention.

Reaching the end of the islet, he saw, at the extremity of the land wedge, a patch of large boulders. They were really great, irregularly round granite balls. Between them and about, was a mass of seaweed. He found the girl had already gathered a pile of this together and was hastily gathering more. He, weary and sore, threw himself on the pile.

"Get up. Get up," she screamed at him. "Make one for yourself. I make my own."

He started to his feet as if whipped.

She worked on steadily, bearing great armfuls to the place she had chosen, the tangled mass trailing behind her. Presently she plunged into the midst of half putrefied stuff, twisting and turning with the quick action of an animal, until she had formed a burrow for herself. He tried to follow her example and gathered some of the kelp for himself, while from her shelter she urged him to greater exertions. He fully realized his own ineptness even at this simple task. Still the exercise warmed him a little and he found the shelter of the boulder welcome.

As the day advanced, squalls of rain came which later turned to sleet of an icy coldness. Presently she declared that she was hungry, and wriggled out of her burrow. Then, as if for the first time, he realized that she was naked.

"You want to pray to this God-fellow for dinner?" she taunted. "You want food brought you like a baby?"

From his rock, Commons mumbled, "I wish you understood. I wish you knew. God helps. He brought us here and will take care of us."

"It is a silly God-fellow to do things to undo. He is as a child. But perhaps your God has forgot you or is too busy making wind, to cook. Or perhaps he is weak and lazy. But I think you little white people lie much."

Then she bounded up the slope and disappeared over the edge of the *baranca* and a moment after, a great column of spray shot up as if she had been received into it. A little time later she returned with a jackass penguin which she threw, still writhing, at the feet of the man. Then away she ran again to return almost immediately with a double handful of mussels. Squatting on her kelp bed, she split the tough penguin hide with a stone and tore the skin from it with her teeth. Then she dragged the carcass asunder with a deft movement of her hands and tossed some of the bleeding flesh across to Commons. She fell to eating, and the fat of the bird she laid aside. Later, she opened a few mussels and swallowed them with evident relish. He tried to follow her example, but his stomach revolted at the raw flesh. He managed to swallow a couple of mussels. She took no notice of him and, her meal being finished, fell to greasing her body with the penguin fat. That done, she coiled herself in the seaweed and was soon asleep.

Presently Commons also fell into an uneasy slumber, waking with a start at frequent intervals. Once so waking, he found himself strangely full of fear. The dark shape of the boulders, the whistling of the wind and the moan of the sea so terrified him that he trembled as he lay. He tried to dismiss an idea that had taken possession of him, that he was in a strange land of demons and furies. He feared that vast hands would reach at him from the dark. He wondered if he was being tortured to madness. Summoning all his courage he stood up, and, leaning hard against his rock because of an indefinable fear that some unknown thing might steal upon him from behind, he tried to warm his chilled blood by flapping his arms. He found the wind piercingly cold and essayed walking, but his feet became entangled with the seaweed stems. The idea came to him that writhing snakes, hideous and fierce, were coiling about him. At that he leaped away from his boulder, stumbled and fell, the noise awakening Ma-ha-su-ma.

"Sleep quiet, man," said she.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Am I God that you seek me?" said she. "White men have poor eyes. Lie down and sleep again."

"I am too cold," he said, almost weeping.

"Then come and sleep with me. But first take off those rags that make you cold and would chill me."

Searching, he found her sleeping place and crouched down irresolutely. He took off the petti-

Long Distance Telephone Calls

TOll calls vary greatly in character and in the cost to the telephone company of furnishing service.

The present toll schedule classifies toll calls and charges to meet the requirements of users at a cost commensurate with the service rendered. The classifications are:

STATION TO STATION CALLS

Where the calling party, when placing his call, specifies a called telephone only, or *anyone* at a place of business or residence. Rates for this service are classified into Day, Evening and Night rates from 8:30 P. M. to 12:00 midnight. Night rates from 12:00 to 4:30 A. M. Because the telephone company is not required to locate a particular person the use of its facilities is reduced to a minimum; hence, the service is quicker and can be given at a lower rate.

PERSON TO PERSON CALLS

Where the calling party in placing his call specifies a particular person at a specified telephone, place of business or residence.

APPOINTMENT CALLS

When the calling party in placing his call specifies a particular person at a telephone, place of business or residence and further specifies that he will talk at a stated time only.

MESSENGER CALLS

Where the calling party in placing his call specifies a particular person to come to a telephone and it is necessary in order to complete the call, for the telephone company to arrange for and send a messenger to notify the called party to come to a telephone.

In subsequent announcements, we will explain how you may save money on toll calls by selecting the service most adaptable to your needs.

Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.



coat and laid it aside with some intention of using it as a blanket. She put an arm through the kelp, seized the rag and flung it to the wind.

Commons felt around, and his hand fell on her breast which felt warm. At that he lay down clumsily on the kelp beside her.

"That is no use," said she. "To be warm you must take those clothes off and lie with me. Put your body close to mine. Thus will the night pass well. Slide down into the kelp with me then."

"I cannot," he protested.

"Why not?" she asked in surprise. "So Colus and I have passed many nights together. Is it not good to lie with a woman?"

At that he jumped up in an ecstasy of bewilderment, crying, "My God. My God. What shall I do?"

She laughed, grunted and turned over, wriggling deeper into her bed of weed. Feeling about, he regained his petticoat which he wrapped about him like a shawl, then sought his boulder.

Next day the wind still blew keenly cold and the spray from the breakers flew across the islet in a continuous, driving mist-cloud. There was no sun, and dark, leaden clouds sped across a low sky. Ma-ha-su-ma was not in sight when Commons crept from his burrow, and, shivering, he went in search of her. He walked with difficulty, for his legs and feet were stiff and swollen so that he feared he was frost-bitten. Standing at the crest of the rise and failing to see his companion, he was seized with terror at the thought that she might have fled with the canoe. At that his heart ceased to beat for awhile. Then he ran, stumbling as he went, until he came to a place from which he saw the canoe. Reassured, he fell to muttering a prayer of thanks as he walked the beach in search of Ma-ha-su-ma. An idea possessed him that if he did not pray incessantly, some new terror would overtake him. There was an ever-present sense of a necessity for propitiation. It was a malevolent spirit, and not a benign God that he feared, though he would not confess it.

A half yell, half laugh called his attention and, looking up, he saw Ma-ha-su-ma, and before her on the beach, a black, shapeless something. Not until he was quite close did he recognize it as a seal. The body had been slit open and half disembowelled. Some of the entrails lay on the sand. He wondered for a moment how she had accomplished the work without tools of any kind. Then he noticed that she had daubed herself from head to foot with a thick coat of blubber, and that her hands, face and legs were bloody. There were small pieces of congealed fat in her hair.

Glad to find something definite to do, he fell to work to aid her. The work warmed him, and, after the first plunge of his hands into the carcass, he found a delight in the animal warmth of the body. Becoming warmer as he worked, he cast the petticoat aside, then, later, his coat and collar, and plunged his hands and arms deep into the thorax, tearing away its contents. Then followed the tearing off and scraping of the skin, and in the doing of the work, he forgot the raging of the storm and his prayers.

"You may have that," said she when the skin was loosed. "The skin your God-fellow gave you is no good."

The carrying of the skin and some of the meat across to the kelp burrow took the greater part of the day. On one of the trips, Ma-ha-su-ma found the nest of a vapor duck and gave the eggs to him. These he was able to eat raw. Towards evening, he contrived to tear and hack a kind of trench for himself in which he could sleep.

Now the gale lasted five days, and on the fifth the storm raged with full fury. The whole sea was covered with a blinding mist torn by the wind from the water. The direction of the storm had

changed so that the sea beat upon the end of the island on which they had made their burrows, and they were forced to the other end. In the evening the wind ceased suddenly and the night was very still and cold. After the incessant roaring and shrieking of the storm, the silence seemed eerie and burdensome. Commons shivered under his seal skin, but Ma-ha-su-ma, with skin well greased, found fair shelter in the sand on the lee side of the canoe.

Next morning, the wind had shifted round and blew strongly towards Tierra del Fuego, and, at sunset, the girl decided that the time had come to leave their island prison. She explained laconically to Commons that the favorable wind would not last and that at this season of the year, gales from the other direction would be frequent. He heard and feared. Standing on the beach at the foot of the baranca, he looked at the green, gray watery terror ahead that boiled and tossed and tumbled, for counter currents met there. It seemed to him impossible that the canoe could live in that incessant whirl. His natural fear of the sea became increased ten-fold, and, by comparison, the burrow under the seal skin seemed a place of safety and almost of comfort.

At last came a moment when she stood by the canoe with the paddle in her hand ready to push off. He watched her trembling, silently praying.

"Come quick" she commanded.

"Let us wait a little" he pleaded. "Wait and trust."

"Your God never comes" she said. "He is lazy or afraid, or careless."

"You do not understand" said he.

"You say 'trust' all the time. Your trust is but fear. All you want is that you shall not be hurt."

Stung by that, he took a step forward, then paused, turned to stone by a paralyzing dread as he saw the wild sea.

"You will not come, faint heart?" she asked.

"Wait" he urged. "Just one day. Tomorrow. When it is light we shall go. The night will be fearful."

He spoke with clasped hands, begging, pleading.

"Will you come?" she asked.

"Wait a little. Let me think."

"Stay here then and wait for your God-fellow, and die slow, you man that cannot die. I who die, would live." At that she made to push off,

"Stay with me, Ma-ha-su-ma. One night. Stay, please."

"No," was the dull reply. Then in a final tone, "I go on my way. You go yours."

She bent to give the canoe a push, and at the same moment he leaped forward and seized the gunnel ahead of her, thus dragging the bow inshore. At that she bounded back a step and her eyes flashed anger as he made to grasp the paddle. The idea that submission was required of her awoke a tiger of resentment. Grasping the paddle blade, she wrenched it from him, and, with a fierce sudden sweep, brought it round so that the heavy handle struck him on the temple. He fell, stumbling sideways, then lay still, breathing stertorously. For a full minute she watched him, then rolled his head with her foot. It lay as she released it. At once she knew that he was dead. She went to the canoe, took from it the seal skin, and cast it down by his side. "If you wake, as you say you do," she said, "you may have this to keep you warm."

Then, without a backward look she pushed off, and the little island was soon lost to her in the mist.

III.

Her reappearance in the settlement did not surprise Colus. He expected her. She came at night and found him in his cabin. Having heard the story, he expressed surprise at the manner of Commons' death.

"You are sure that he died as we die?" he asked.

"I waited for him to rise again, but he did not. Of what use would it have been? He was not a good man. His head cracked as an egg would. It was thin."

"But why did he fear the sea?"

"He feared all things. He feared to die. More than all, he feared lest he would be hurt."

"But why should he fear if he would live again?"

"I do not know."

"I fear not to sleep knowing that I will wake."

"He feared greatly."

"Did he call his God?" he asked.

"Many, many times."

"And none came to help?"

"None."

"Nor these winged angels?"

"Nothing came."

"It is strange, Ma-ha-su-ma."

"I doubt that there is a God-fellow such as he and his like tell of. Or if there is, and the God-fellow is strong, why should he value such as that? A weak man and afraid as are all those that talk Christ. Afraid of all things. Of the world and things that could be seen he was afraid. And he was afraid of things that cannot be seen."

"You were together much," said Colus. "Did you have him for your man?"

"No."

"Perhaps you did not want him, he being weak."

"It was not that. I asked him to sleep with me, but he would not. Thus it would have been warm. But he was afraid of his God and ran away calling for him."

"It is strange," said Colus.

"It is well, Colus, that such men should die. They are stupid as penguins, idle and weak. Of all things that run and fly and swim, they are the poorest. In them, their god has made a foolish thing."

For a long time they sat silent, then presently, Colus fell to wondering how long it would be before He of the Long Coat learned of the death of Commons. He told her that though the mission people were taught not to judge, yet to judge was a delight with them.

"Those that kill," he said, "are killed. They have a word called 'justice,' and when they talk of that, they are to be feared."

Finally he persuaded her that it was best that she should fare forth again and seek some of her tribe.

"Come, too, Colus," she said.

"I would go with you, Ma-ha-su-ma, but am not strong. I have the white man's cough now. I came here that I might find ease, and instead, I have found weakness. I have gained nothing and lost much."

"This time," said Ma-ha-su-ma, "I shall go away, far away from the Southern Cross until I reach the place of the white men where the God-fellow lives. Then I shall ask him many things face to face. I shall know his place by the fire and smoke of hell. I shall tell the God-fellow that we are quicker and stronger than the white men."

"But if he casts you into the hell fire?" questioned Colus.

"That he shall not do. Swift am I to run and strong to wrestle, and the penguin folk about him are weak and meek. If the God-fellow tries to cast me in, I shall overcome him and throw him in, or so hold him, if there be many, that he, too shall fall in with me. Fear not for me, Colus. I fear no God such as that. But I believe these white men lie in that as in many other things."

"But, Ma-ha-su-ma, if you find not the God-fellow?"

"Then, Colus, I shall return and shall tell him of the Long Coat that he is a liar and that his people are liars, and that the tale of Christ is but a tale to make men weak. And we shall take these white men and teach them how to do things themselves. And they shall learn to run and to swim, and to fight and to spear fish, and to live and talk straight."

No more was said, but when the east was tinged with light and the noise of living things was faintly heard, Ma-ha-su-ma set forth to find the far away land.

Freedom of the Press

By Oliver S. Morris

(Editor of the *Non-Partisan Leader*, St. Paul, Minn.)

An address delivered before the St. Paul Open Forum at the City Hall, St. Paul, Minn., February 29, 1920.

THE influences which affect one a business enterprise run for profit, way or another the freedom of the press can be classified in two periodicals subsidized or otherwise directed by great groups, which I will call the "political" group and the "economic" group. Espionage and sedition laws, published to defend and exploit special libel laws and other laws restricting freedom of speech passed by congress or legislatures, and all official censorships, such as existed during the war, together with the laws and regulations which give the postoffice department power to decide on the mailability of printed matter, all fall under the category of "political" influences affecting the freedom of the press. I do not propose to discuss this group of influences.

The economic, industrial and commercial conditions and usages and practices, as they affect the freedom of the press, are my subject.

The modern newspaper and popular periodical press is a highly commercialized institution. It exists primarily as periodicals; second, from the business

newspapers and periodicals which are primarily propaganda organs, to defend and exploit political and economic causes. Publication profits to such organs are secondary.

But on the whole the newspaper and popular periodical press is primarily a business enterprise existing to make profits for its owners.

To get at the heart of the economic influences which consciously and directly, or unconsciously and indirectly, have a bearing on the freedom of the press, it is necessary to make a study of the revenue of newspapers and periodicals. The revenue of this business comes from two sources;

first, from the readers or general public who purchase the newspapers or periodicals; second, from the business

interests which patronize the advertising columns of these publications.

Only a fractional part of the revenue of the modern newspaper or popular periodical is derived from its readers or the general public. By far the larger part, consisting all the way from 75 to 90 per cent and even more, comes from advertisers. Innumerable specific examples might be given, but I shall discuss only one typical one.

The *Saturday Evening Post* is a weekly magazine having a circulation of over 2,000,000, and selling at retail to the reader at five cents per copy. The publishers of the *Saturday Evening Post* receive for each copy not to exceed three cents, if that much. The other two cents goes for commissions to wholesalers and retailers and compensation for subscription agents. Therefore, on a circulation of 2,000,000, the *Saturday Evening Post* receives from its readers, or the general public, not to exceed \$3,120,000 per year.

Let us see what proportion this amount, contributed by the public to the support of this magazine, is of the total revenue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Not having access to the books of that concern, we will have to arrive at the total revenue by an indirect, but for

general purposes sufficiently accurate, process.

Take a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* as an example. This was weighed and found to tip the scales at 21 ounces. At the present price for the grade of white paper used the cost of the paper alone which went into this issue was about 15 cents. Taking the circulation of 2,000,000 and figuring 52 issues a year, the annual cost of the paper going to make the *Saturday Evening Post* is \$15,600,000. This, of course, is only a part, and not the largest part, of the expense of the publication. In the mechanical process alone there are the matters of printing two million copies per week, for which a battery of probably fifty presses is required, working constantly night and day; there is the cost of addressing and postage; the cost of setting the type. Then there are the expenses of a vast business organization, with ramifications in every village and hamlet, not to mention the immense sums at highest rates which this publication pays to artists and authors for the material which it prints, and the high-priced editorial and business office personnel, which edits the paper and manages the institution.

I think it would be safe, in fact, too conservative, to say that if the paper alone costs \$15,000,000, the total expense of getting out a year's issues of the *Saturday Evening Post* amounts to \$30,000,000. This is not figuring profits. The profits must be immense, and its total revenue probably much closer to \$35,000,000 or \$40,000,000 a year than \$30,000,000. But let us take the figure \$30,000,000. Of this the readers of the paper contribute, as I have just shown, \$3,120,000. In other words about one-tenth of the revenue of the *Saturday Evening Post* comes from its readers and the general public; the remainder, nine-tenths, comes from the business interests which patronize the advertising columns of the publication. It is no wonder that the *Saturday Evening Post* is loaded to the guards with propaganda these days.

Now what is true of the *Saturday Evening Post* as to sources of revenue is true as a whole of all of the newspapers and popular periodicals. In fact, there are very few daily papers but spend their entire circulation revenue merely to keep up and enlarge their subscription list, so that all of the money for actual publication costs must come from other sources than the public. The modern daily paper sells for a penny or two cents. Premiums with subscriptions, commissions to subscription agents, compensation for newsboys and newsdealers, together with general subscription promotion expense, eat up the entire subscription revenue of the newspaper or magazine. It might almost be said that the advertisers are the sole financial supporters of the press.

What are the interests of the business institutions which support our newspapers and popular magazines? Are their interests identical with the public interests? Are they conservative or progressive? Is their influence on public affairs in the main wholesome or the opposite?

In answer to these questions, I think

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it is safe to say that the business institutions which fill our newspapers and magazines with advertising are as a group extremely conservative; that on the whole they are against political or economic changes and reforms, especially fundamental changes and reforms. This is naturally their position. They are making money under and satisfied with the conditions that be. I do not say that many of them are not honest in this position. We find among the heaviest advertisers, spending untold millions per year for advertising, many big business institutions and aggregations of capital which are using advertising space solely for political and economic propaganda. An instance is that of the packers, who buy millions of dollars worth of space in the press to fight government regulation and to protect the big five packer monopoly. We found the railroads using advertising space in the newspapers and magazines to fight government ownership of railroads. We find numerous other business institutions also using advertising space, not to sell products, but to oppose specific political and economic reforms proposed by labor and farmer organizations, or other progressive groups of people, and also to build up good will among the general public for their industries, against the day when some congress or legislature will propose laws adversely affecting the interests of these corporations.

So that I think that I am safe and conservative in saying that the interests of advertisers are not identical always, or even generally, with the interests of the general public; that they are a special interest with special privileges to protect, and that their influence on the whole is extremely conservative.

It has been said that "he who pays the piper calls the tune." Big business of America pays the piper in the case of the newspapers and the popular periodical press. Does it call the tune? I have shown you that the general public pays only about one-tenth of the cost of publishing the newspapers and

magazines. Are the publishers of newspapers and magazines, in proportion to their sources of revenue, ten times more friendly to special business interests than to the general public? We can discuss these questions by examining first, the unconscious and indirect influence of advertisers on publishers, and, second, what we know of conscious and direct influence.

I think everybody will agree that publishers, being only human beings, and being engaged in a business whose primary object is profits, unconsciously, if not consciously, will be inclined to favor the interests of advertisers, which furnish nine-tenths of their revenue, rather than the public, which furnishes only one-tenth of it—at least when it comes to a point where the public's interest is at variance with the special group interests of these advertisers. All of us, I think, unconsciously if not consciously, look out for our own interests, and instinctively know which side our bread is buttered on. So I think that you will agree that as a general proposition the tendency among publishers, other things being equal, is to take the point of view and protect the interests of those corporations and business enterprises which furnish the great bulk of the financial support for newspapers and magazines. And on the whole, this must be a tremendous influence, and must color more or less nearly everything a publisher does or says. It is only human nature that it should.

When it comes to reciting specific instances of the direct influence of advertisers on the press, one might fill a volume. I have time to give you only a few such incidents, and I have selected such ones as will on their face convince you they are typical.

Let me cite the case of Mr. E. T. Meredith, who has just been appointed Secretary of Agriculture by President Wilson. Mr. Meredith is a director of the United States Chamber of Commerce and president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. This

is to give only two of his many big business connections. He is a subscriber of a so-called farm journal having a circulation of 800,000 and selling to the subscriber for 35 cents a year. This publication is known as *Successful Farming* and is virtually a monthly catalogue of manufacturers and dealers who sell things which farmers have to buy or can be persuaded to buy. The publication is practically all advertising. Among other advertising, Mr. Meredith carries in *Successful Farming* all the paid advertising of the packing trust. It will be recollect that the United States Chamber of Commerce, of which he is a director, has been waging a war of extermination against the Federal Trade Commission, because the Federal Trade Commission has ventured to investigate the packing trust and expose its monopoly and profiteering.

The packers have been very anxious regarding public opinion—naturally so. A little over a year ago they called in the editors of the farm press in order to discuss placing the packers' side of the question before the farmers of America in the news and editorial columns of the farm press. Unfortunately, Armour & Co., following this conference with farm paper editors, issued a pamphlet giving the stenographic text of various speeches made and various discussions had. Mr. Meredith was one of the farm paper publishers present.

Mr. Meredith is quoted in this pamphlet as stating at the meeting that he wanted to know what reason farmers had for complaining about over-charges for feed for live stock they were marketing, and he added: "It is largely such small matters they get into their system rather than anything big," meaning the farmers were too critical of the packer-owned stockyards. After the packers had explained, Mr. Meredith is quoted in the stenographic report as saying:

"Now, then, if you will prepare articles studying into these matters, stating how this fluctuation occurs, for in-

stance, we will take them and our editors will read them and see that the farmers get this information. Now, then, when you have written such an article and it has passed the test of editors, the farmer should have it and I am sure the publishers will be glad to write it from an editorial standpoint to the farmers all over the country."

In other words, Mr. Meredith at this meeting promised the packers to use their propaganda in the news and editorial columns in an attempt to influence farmers in favor of the packing trust.

I have here the official published report of the last meeting of the Agricultural Publishers' Association, an association to which practically all of the publishers of farm papers belong. This meeting was held at the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, during October, 1919. The stenographic report of the proceedings purports to be a complete account of what transpired, and, being an official publication of the Publishers' Association, I take it that this is in fact a complete and accurate report.

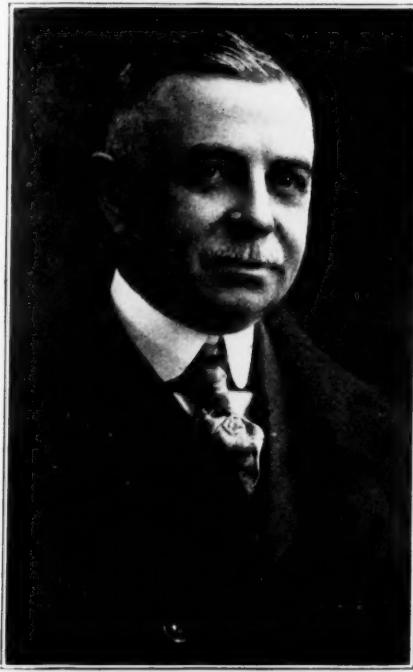
One would think that at a meeting of an association composed of farm paper editors and publishers there would be some effort to hear from farmers, farm leaders or organizations regarding what would be best for these farm publications to do in the interests of the public they claim to serve. However, this official report of the meeting of the Publishers' Association shows that almost all the addresses made were by representatives of big advertisers or advertising agencies, including Mr. Meredith, by the way. He addressed the convention as president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World and not as publisher of a farm paper, according to the official report of the proceedings.

This meeting of the farm paper publishers was under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Commerce, a business men's organization which has created what it calls an advertising council, to represent the advertising interests of Chicago business. Mr. Elmer

The Nims Idea

Now that the war is over—we hope it is—public utilities are again to be with the Bell System, in the formation of the great Southwestern Telephone Company. For a huge public service corporation like this, men of established capability were needed, and no one was surprised when the Pioneer gave its founder to the new corporation as vice-president. That was in 1914, and it was during the trying period of the war that the wisdom of the choice was unmistakably demonstrated.

idea is this, of taking the man with a trained mind and making him soil his hands and lame his muscles until he has mastered the rudiments of the kind of service is apparent. Under his shrewd business that comes into closest touch and sane direction are more than twenty-one thousand employees, somewhat



Eugene D. Nims

of one of the world's most prolific thinkers, Eugene D. Nims, President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company.

Mr. Nims is going to begin with twenty-five college fellows, pretty soon after commencement, and he is going to show other public utilities what can be accomplished in the saving of labor and material by the judicious admixture of brains and education. This is a characteristic Nims idea. It is in line with the other things Mr. Nims has done since he organized the little Arkansas Valley Telephone Company, with thirty-five miles of wire and three towns to be connected thereby, Perry, Pawnee and Stillwater. That was in 1896, when the telephone business was in its infancy. Prior to that time he had worked up a good many valuable ideas in the lumber business.

After eight years of steady growth he enlarged his system to meet the corresponding growth of the state of Oklahoma, organized the Pioneer Telephone and Telegraph Company, which, after tiny

over a million and a half of stations and a little less than two million miles of wire to be utilized in the daily business and social intercourse of the, to us at least, most important part of the United States. And this is trivial when compared with what the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company is to become, under the Nims management.

First of all there is to be *service!* That is one of Mr. Nims' fetishes. "He's nuts on service," the repair man complains. And in every department of the telephone system this demand for better service is being felt. Already the Southwestern serves 17 per cent of the entire country, with 13 per cent of the wire mileage and the number of telephones in operation. When you consider that St. Louis is the only very large city in the district and that much of the area is undeveloped territory, you see that the Southwestern is no pygmy in the great Bell family. What it is to become, we need not predict. We need only to say that Eugene D. Nims is guiding its des-

T. Stevens, vice-president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, told the agricultural publishers that the Chicago Advertising Council has "a number of pieces of machinery which are being developed. The agricultural press is one of them. It is the first one working with the Agricultural Publishers' Association to bring a big, definite activity before the membership of the association and the citizens of Chicago. I congratulate you on this evidence of practical, progressive co-operation, which is needed today as it was never needed before."

Mr. Stevens in his speech mentions only one specific basis on which the Advertising Council of Chicago is to co-operate with the farm publishers. Fully half of his speech is devoted to an attack on Mr. Foster, leader of the recent steel strike, and on Mr. Foster's published books. We may differ with Mr. Foster, or even with the labor leaders who called the steel strike, but the point is that here are advertisers conferring with publishers, not on the business proposition of using the advertising columns to sell goods, but on the propaganda proposition of the publishers taking a position on the steel strike and on labor leaders promoting that strike, and other labor activities. In conclusion, Mr. Stevens said to the publishers: "We hope for big things from you and we congratulate you upon a successful start."

I will pass over several of the addresses of the prominent advertising men and advertisers who spoke to the agricultural publishers and who among other things gave the publishers the point of view of the advertisers on public, political and economic questions, until I come to the address of Mr. F. R. Todd, vice-president of Deere & Company, of Moline, Ill. This gentleman represents a manufacturing company which sells farm machinery. He also has pronounced political views, as we shall see. He commenced his address with an account of how farm machinery manufacturers co-operated with the publishers of the farm press recently, and said:

"After the armistice was signed there was a disposition on the part of the commercial world generally, and the farmers in particular, to anticipate lower prices and refrain from buying."

He proceeds to show how the farm implement dealers and the farm publishers got together in a campaign to persuade the farmers that they ought not to wait for lower prices on farm machinery, but ought to buy at once, and how this campaign was successful. Now this may or may not be a legitimate end of co-operation between advertising manufacturers and publishers, but Mr. Todd does not stop at this sort of co-operation. He continues: "As agricultural advertisers we are vitally interested in the editorial policy and the editorial tone of farm papers. * * * * * We believe that all editorial matter should be fair to the advertiser." This speaker is a man who controls millions of dollars worth of advertising, and this was a very direct hint to publishers.

Mr. Todd further told the publishers that "the greatest service that the agri-

cultural press can render us and the world at large is to continually advertise to the American farmer the principles of the Constitution of the United States, arouse him as a citizen, arouse his self-interest, arouse his loyalty. Give him a better understanding of the menace that confronts us today in an attempted overthrow of our institutions, largely attacked through the labor agitator."

Now just what Mr. Todd means by "Americanism," "loyalty" and "supporting the constitution" is made very plain elsewhere in his speech. There are four paragraphs in the stenographic report of his remarks which constitute a very bitter attack on the Nonpartisan League and the farmer government of North Dakota.

At least I think you all will agree, whatever the benefits or merits of the Nonpartisan League and the farmer government of North Dakota, that the issue is a political one on which editors should be allowed the utmost freedom of expression, without influence or orders from advertisers. But Mr. Todd tells the publishers plainly that they ought to fight the Nonpartisan League and the farmer government of North Dakota.

I now come to some very important revelations. If you imagine that advertisers are ashamed of their efforts to influence editors and publishers, and so go about it indirectly and without appearing publicly to do so, you are very much mistaken.

Mr. B. E. Forbes, publisher of *Forbes' Magazine*, a business man's system and efficiency publication, largely devoted to exploiting and promoting the advertising business, not long ago made an address before the New York convention of the Association of National Advertisers. The text of his speech was published in *Printers' Ink*, an advertising trade magazine. In his speech Mr. Forbes asked the question, "Are advertisers expected to set themselves up as censors of every publication in America?" and he immediately answered his own question as follows:

"Every one of us, if we are to fulfill our duties as decent citizens, must act as censors every day of our lives. We pick and choose our shoes, our hats, our suits. We pick and choose when we want to buy a phonograph or a piano or an office desk. Why, if we were not censors, if the whole public were not censors in every phase of their life, what in thunder would be the good of advertising?"

Having thus declared the right of advertisers to censor the publications they use for their advertising, Mr. Forbes gives us an indication of what publications should be muzzled. All publications that "sap and undermine" the "fabric of business" are to come under the ban. Now, I take it that the packing trust is part of the fabric of business; so is the steel trust. It undoubtedly would be "sapping and undermining" the "fabric of business," in Mr. Forbes' opinion, to publish favorable comment on the findings of the Federal Trade Commission, in regard to the profiteering and monopoly of the packing trust. It undoubtedly would be "sapping and undermining" the fabric of business, so far as the steel

trust is concerned, to permit a tonnage tax on iron ore in Minnesota.

I now come to an even more important and emphatic statement by a representative of one of the biggest advertisers in America, perhaps in the world. This man is George Frank Lord, director of advertising of the du Pont American Industries. Besides manufacturing powder and other explosives, the du Pont industries include factories which manufacture automobile tops, factories that make a substitute for leather used in various products, most of the big paint companies, a phonograph company, and factories which manufacture the so-called pyrolyne products, used as a substitute for ivory and French ivory in toilet articles, etc. The speech of Mr. Lord, from which I quote, was made before the Minneapolis (Minn.) Advertising Forum a few months ago. He said:

"Time was when publishers were editors who endeavored to mould the opinion of their readers along this line or that. Then the circulation and influence of the publication were in proportion to the popularity of the editor's ideas. But nowadays the real publishers are the advertisers, since their financial support of a publication is in most cases all that keeps it alive."

Here we have a representative of some of the biggest industries in the world and some of the biggest advertisers in the world, flatly stating, as a matter of course, that the advertisers are really the publishers of our great "free" newspapers and magazines, and that editors no longer count for anything.

Having established this fact as to who the "real publishers" are, Mr. Lord proceeds to state "that they (the advertisers, the real publishers) must see to it that publications render a real service, that they are constructive, sound and clean, rather than destructive, irrational and immoral."

Nobody will say that publications ought not to be "constructive, sound, clean, rational and moral," but Mr. Lord has told us that the advertisers and not the editors or the readers, not the subscribers or the public, are to be the judges of this question. And in saying "the advertisers," Mr. Lord of course means, so far as he is concerned, the du Pont American Industries. Continuing, Mr. Lord said:

"The claim that the withdrawing of financial support from a destructive (in the opinion of the advertisers) publication is a mischievous use of advertising patronage to curb the power of the press, seems purely sophistry to me."

Mr. Lord ends this part of his address with the flat statement that if the advertiser stops advertising in publications of which the advertiser disapproves, all such publications will go quickly out of existence—and he adds that such publications merit extinction.

Now I will add just one more word regarding Mr. Lord and the du Pont industries. On the explosive manufacturing end of their business, their average pre-war net profits were \$5,492,003 per year. The first three years after the war started, their net profits ranged from \$49,112,953 to \$89,013,020

per year. In other words, these industries, which, through their advertising director, claim to be the real publishers of our press and boldly and unblushingly assert the right to censor the press, are notorious war profiteers, coining almost untold millions out of the death and destruction incident to the recent world war. I imagine that one of the policies which the du Pont industries want to control in American newspapers and magazines is the policy of the editors regarding the government's attitude towards excess war profits. I think that is a legitimate inference.

It is always a fair question to ask one who is pointing out evil conditions what remedy he has for them. I have not time now to go very deeply into this question of remedies as it bears on the economic influences restricting the freedom of the press. I have always believed that there should be a strong organization of newspaper workers—composed of the men who actually gather and edit the news, and that this organization should set up ethical standards, so binding members that, regardless of the editorial policy of the publisher for whom they work, they would not be party to failing to report all of the news, or to distorting the news.

Let the editors and publishers run the editorial columns to suit themselves. The news columns, however, should be free to state the facts as they are and, in my opinion, one of the most effective ways of keeping the news columns clean is to arouse among newspaper workers the realization of their responsibility and their duty to state facts as they are, fairly and impartially, regardless of the editorial policy pursued by the newspapers and magazines for which they work.

But most important of all, I think, is the education of the public. First, the public should be made to realize that *newspapers absolutely free in opinion cannot exist unless they derive their majority financial support from the public, and not from special interests.* If the public, instead of the advertisers, contribute the bulk of the revenue of the newspapers, the public will be the one who pays the piper, and who can call the tune. But if the public is to pay the bulk of the revenue of publications, you must expect to pay many times what you now pay in subscriptions for newspapers and magazines.

If enough people would pay five cents a copy for a daily newspaper, and would support it consistently from year to year without the newspaper having to spend huge sums of money to promote circulation, thus allowing the newspaper to have the larger part of the five cents to meet the expenses of publication, a newspaper would be created which could exist with little or no advertising support. It might be smaller than existing newspapers and would cover little besides news reports.

News, or so-called news, is only a part of the contents of the present newspaper. Besides informing or misinforming the people as to current

events, the present newspapers publish what they think will cause the greatest sale of their papers. They first of all want to sell their wares to you and in general they publish to educate and entertain, with the result that a large part of them are devoted to comics, fiction, feature articles of general interest and other matter not news but interesting in itself, which causes people to buy the paper.

The public today tolerates crooked news and crooked opinion in its publications largely for the sake of the general interest, feature matter carried by the newspapers, such as the comics, the woman's and children's educational and entertainment pages and other matter not news. And, of course, they must get news reports of some kind.

The newspapers today have a very low opinion of their readers. They whole county rising in arms against

we are thrilled by a great "whiskey

and that he has been

grossly misquoted.

The newspapers today have a very low opinion of their readers. They whole county rising in arms against

Hess & Culbertson

Jewelry Co.

SEVENTH & ST. CHARLES



\$1478.00

Diamonds of the Rarest Beauty

HESS & CULBERTSON Diamonds are true specimens of "rarest beauty," every gem having the purity, richness of coloring and scintillating brilliancy that distinguishes the perfect diamond.

Exclusive creations, designed by our own artisans and mounted in unique all-platinum settings that will instantly appeal to those who seek the unusual in fine Diamond Jewelry.

The implicit confidence and generous patronage of the public are strongest proof of the quality and value of Hess & Culbertson Diamonds.

Correct Wedding Stationery

Place April Orders Now

THE Wedding Invitation, the Marriage Announcement and also the Home, Reception, Church and Breakfast Card should be absolutely correct in form and phraseology.

Our Stationery Department is prepared to render helpful service along correct lines.

You can be assured of faultless engraving executed on quality stock of correct size.

We have the newest forms of Wedding Stationery.

The
HALMARK
Jewelers

Fares refunded
by Associated
Retailers' Plan.

Any article we
advertise will be
sold by mail.

NOW ON SALE

In Bottles and on Draught

Good Old HYDE PARK

When you try HYDE PARK, you'll size it up carefully—you'll taste it—you'll drink it down—you'll smack your lips and say, "*That's the Stuff.*"

—The same rich flavor that delighted your palate and whetted your appetite in the "old days."

—The same clear amber color and creamy foam.

—The same familiar bottles and labels that you know so well.

—The finest malt and hops and a decidedly *new* brewing process, account for the positive excellence of good old Hyde Park.

—Remember—tomorrow's the day—at bars, cafes, restaurants, hotels.

HYDE PARK, St. Louis

the United States government to prevent the enforcement of the new constitutional prohibition amendment, only to find a few days later that there is no whiskey war and no other kind of war.

This is not to mention the more sinister newspaper sensation fakes. Incalculable harm is done by fakes like those during the war, which made the public's hair stand on end regarding German spy plots, 99 per cent of which we now know existed only in the minds of hysterical or designing persons. Or the present scare about Bolshevik and so-called red radical plots menacing the government, which, to say the least, are grossly exaggerated, but serve the very useful purpose of persuading the public to be suspicious of all appeals and demands, no matter how mild or legitimate, of labor and reformers for an adjustment of the grievances which underlie the present unrest.

I do not say that all the present Bolshevik plot fakes, which are crowding out news of the important and legitimate activities of thinking groups of citizens who are trying to make this world a better place to live in, are published as a result of a conspiracy of editors and advertisers. I think at the bottom of the matter is the newspaper belief that the reading public craves sensation and that this party fills the demand.

So first of all the public must be educated to demand something also from newspapers than cheap sensation, and not to buy a paper for its

fake thrillers and comics, but for its honesty in news reports and fairness in editorial opinion. Otherwise publishers will use circulation built up on side issues to put over on you crooked news and bought opinions concerning the things that count.

As long as the public wants this kind of stuff, the newspapers will publish it, and they will build up circulations largely through sensational fakes and unimportant general interest matter, and use that circulation to promote political and economic measures wanted by the interests which contribute the bulk of their support.

Undoubtedly, also, the press cannot be completely freed until various reforms are made in the industrial and commercial world, but a discussion of this subject would take us too far afield.

♦♦♦

"Ethel, didn't I see that young man in the parlor holding your hand last night?" "Yes, mother." "What was he doing that for?" "I really don't know, mother." "You don't know?" "No, mother; I did think he was going to put a ring on my finger, but he didn't." —*Yonkers Statesman.*

♦♦♦

Postoffice Clerk (in the country office in west of Ireland)—Here, your letter is overweight. Pat—Over what weight? Clerk—It's too heavy; you'll have to put another stamp on it. Pat—Yerra, get out wid you foolin'. Sure, if I put another stamp on it, won't it be heavier still?—Nebraska State Journal.

A Nut for Psychologists

By Pearl Lenore Curran

(From the March-April Unpartisan Review)

(Copyright, 1920, Henry Holt & Co.)

LET any man announce himself a him, without cramping him or putting him upon the defensive? In my own case, at my first encounter with science I developed a sensitivity which caused, on both sides, a deep distrust, and it has only been through frequent meeting with broad men of that cloth that I have at last become enough interested in their attitude to try to present whatever I may have that may interest them.

A long conversation with Dr. James Hyslop, with whom I had had a misunderstanding, brought this thing clearly to me, and I realized that such men as he and Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle, with an ever widening circle of others, were pursuing their investigations in the manner I have suggested, with the confidence of the subject re-general purposes sufficiently accurate, desire to aid them with all my power.

When I let my modest name be coupled with that of a Puritan spinster of some hundreds of years ago, I never for one instant realized that Patience Worth and I would be cast out upon the stormy sea of distrust. There is no come-back for the psychic. Being suspected, his word is worth less than his goods. Science labors to disprove them without even looking at them. So in presenting certain interesting facts regarding my own "case," I do it with no desire to offer proof or to try to convince

Because one produces a superusual phenomenon, is he to be immediately classified as a monstrosity, and mentally and physically placed upon the dissecting table? Is there no gentle means by which we may have the confidence of the "subject" and get the full result from

anyone of anything whatever, but merely to jot down some of the incidents which might be interesting to the interested.

During the six years I have written for Patience Worth, I have had as witnesses, with me at the board, thousands of people. I have never attempted any preparation either for the meetings or, when writing, for any of the results; all have been impromptu. My own opinions, even after all this long experience, are worth nothing to the most ordinary scientist. I am giving these facts that he may classify or not as he pleases.

My physical being might be considered an important factor. I was never ill in all my life from any disease other than a cold or some minor complaint, and never spent a continuous week in bed. I never have been robust, have weighed from 110 to 120 pounds, and am five feet six inches high. I sleep normally, have no queer obsession or wakefulness, or urge to write; have no queer appetites, either mentally or physically. I do my own housework, with the aid of one maid, and cook for six people most of the time. Patience Worth never obsesses me, and I feel as normally about her as I do about any other friend who has gone into the great beyond.

Whatever may be the association which I describe as the presence of Patience Worth, it is one of the most beautiful that it can be the privilege of a human being to experience. Through this contact I have been educated to a deeper spiritual understanding and appreciation than I might have acquired in any study I can conceive of. Six years ago I could not have understood the literature of Patience Worth, had it been shown to me. And I doubt if it would have attracted me sufficiently to give me the desire to study it.

The pictorial visions which accompany the coming of the words have acted as a sort of primer, and gradually developed within me a height of appreciation by persistently tempting my curiosity with representations of incidents and symbols. I am like a child with a magic picture book. Once I look upon it, all I have to do is to watch its pages open before me, and revel in their beauty and variety and novelty.

Probably this is the most persistent phase of the phenomena, this series of panoramic and symbolic pictures which never fail to show with each expression of Patience where there is any possibility of giving an ocular illustration of an expression.

When the poems come, there also appear before my eyes images of each successive symbol, as the words are given me. If the stars are mentioned, I see them in the sky. If heights or deeps or wide spaces are mentioned, I get positively frightening sweeps of space. So it is with the smaller things of Nature, the fields, the flowers and trees, with the field animals, whether they are mentioned in the poem or not.

When the stories come, the scenes become panoramic, with the characters moving and acting their parts, even speaking in converse. The picture is not confined to the point narrated, but takes in everything else within the circle of vision at the time. For instance, if two people are seen talking on the street, I

see not only them, but the neighboring part of the street, with the buildings, stones, dogs, people and all, just as they would be in a real scene. (Or are these scenes actual reproductions?) If the people talk a foreign language, as in "The Sorry Tale," I hear he talk, but over and above is the voice of Patience, either interpreting or giving me the part she wishes to use as story.

What a wonderful privilege this is can only be imagined by one who cannot see the actuality. Since this was found out by my associates, we have been spending much time after writing on a story, in my describing the scenes which accompanied it but did not appear in it. While we were writing "The Sorry Tale" many a queer scene was described; the dogs in the streets, certain odd carts with wheels made of crossed reeds and cut in a circle, the peculiar harness of the oxen, the quarrelling of the long-bearded market men, and the wailing of the women as they bartered for edibles, the dress of the priests, the holy of holies, and the ark as it was at that time, restored, the scenes at Bethlehem and Nazareth in which the Savior walked among men. This was also true of England during the transcription of "Hope Trueblood," though the scenes were more familiar and therefore of less interest, but just as vivid.

One of the most wonderful symbols created to illustrate a poem came during September, 1918. On this particular evening I had a feeling of uplift, a sort of ecstasy which in some degree accompanies the coming of the greater poems, and I had unusual mental flashes of white, radiant white, with a feeling of infinite distances. I mentioned it to the family. It was our evening to write, and when we sat with Patience, she showed this scene with startling definiteness, preliminary to a wonderful poem which we named: "The White River."

First was shown a vast sky with a limitless sense of stupendous distance and grandeur, flanked by clouds of iridescent white purity, through and on the edges of which quivered an electric radiance. Thunder rolled majestically along the vasts, and tongues of lightning played through the clouds, while above their edges, quivering threads of electricity danced against the deep blue in myriad flashes of silver and gold. But through all and over all was this indescribable white purity, purer than dew, whiter than young lilies, not dazzling, but soothing like a smile. Through the foreground and stretching beyond to infinite distances, flowed a river of forms all in white, coming, coming ever on between the cloud-banks—hosts following hosts with their faces eager and an urge of gladness in their movements, their eyes lighted with a wondrous light, and each glance fixed upon their leader who walked before them with outstretched arms—Jesus of Nazareth. At this point the poem came.

Sometimes Patience shows me pictures without ever saying anything about them. Once she showed me a beautiful yellow bird sitting in a hedge, a bird I had never seen, although I love birds and know nearly all I ever seen in this country. This was a rather large bird,

about seven inches from beak to tail. Patience finally said:

"He who knoweth the hedgerows knoweth the yellowhammer."

I protested that it was not the yellowhammer I knew, but she passed the subject without farther comment. Later we got out an old encyclopedia and found a picture of this bird, the English yellowhammer. No one in the house knew anything about this bird.

I have received several premonitory flashes of pictures, which I have come to recognize as the beginning of a new story. As usual, I told the members of the family when I received in June, 1918, a flash picture of what I sensed was a squalid charity place of a very mean sort; a large and very grimy room, a rude basket containing a newborn babe, and standing over it, making ribald remarks, two low-class women. About a week after that I had a feeling while I was writing that the story was about to start, but it passed off without result. Then within a few days it happened. I have before me the record prepared at the time by Mr. Curran from the matter which I told to him when he came home, and I will copy the important parts of it.

"Comes now, June 22, 1917. 11 A. M. with Mrs. Curran and her mother on the way to market three blocks away.

"All at once, without any preliminary warning, as in a single flash, she was overwhelmed with the entire framework of the story which she felt had been on the way. In the twinkling of an eye, like the bursting of an inner veil or the sudden drawing of a great curtain, she found herself immediately in possession of practically the entire mechanism of a wonderful story, the plot, the characters, that subtle spirit essence of the central idea, the purpose, and with it came a great exaltation. Even the name of the story came, which was "The Madrigal."

"It took Mrs. Curran two hours to tell me what she had received in a flash, and what follows of the tale is from memory:

"The babe within the charity place was the central figure. The tale is of the first years of this babe's life. She is a child born out of wedlock within this squalid place, while her mother is, a little while later, seen within the light of the Thames hookman as he pulls her out of the river, dead. This mother was a woman of the fields, reared among the

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Group Insurance, hardly known ten years ago, has in that brief period proved itself the greatest single forward stride in the progress of the industrial relations of employers and employes.

Today over one million men and women are insured under Group Insurance policies for more than one billion dollars, and every added dollar of Group Insurance has meant a new bond of mutual interest between the employer and his employes, and an improvement in employment conditions in general.

The Missouri State Life Insurance Company, modern, conservative, fast-growing, now offers the insuring public the most efficient advice and service possible for handling this line of insurance.

Already several of St. Louis' leading institutions have taken advantage of this new service and have bought Group Insurance with the Missouri State Life.

Business concerns which contemplate insuring their employes on the group plan will find it to their advantage to consult with us.

Missouri State Life Insurance Company

M. E. Singleton, President

**Home Office: Fifteenth and Locust Streets
Saint Louis**

**"The good-will of employes is as necessary
as the good-will of customers."**

lower classes, but with flights of soul which did not fit her station. She was scoffed at and discouraged by her associates until at last, out of her meeting with the future father of her child, grew a bitterness and rebellion which ended in her yielding to his evil influences.

"The father was a young poet and writer of great promise and high family. His mother was a doting parent who blinds herself to his evil acts, attributing them to temperament. His sister is equally ambitious for him, but is not so tolerant of his escapades.

"Just how the child was born and left, does not appear. The place is reached by a long narrow stairway showing grease and grime from countless evil hands that have traversed it. The child has red hair and green eyes with peculiar lines within them. The old women of the place jokingly refer to the child as the 'Madrigal,' and one old hag with a meaningful reference to the poet sneered: 'He sung!' Grim joke! Not a symphony she, merely a simple lay dashed off in an idle moment.

"The name stuck, and one day the child knew that a Madrigal was a beautiful song. So, although not beautiful, she steadfastly expected to be, and sang through the days up and down the grimy Thames shores among the boatmen and fishers, who stopped to listen and say: 'The Madrigal is singing.'

"And he, the father, never did his great thing, and the years left him still empty, until at last through a great tragedy he found his little girl and found her singing, and that she was called the Madrigal. Looking back upon his wasted life he suddenly realizes that in a moment of little thought in his evil hours, and with no good intent, he had created the greatest thing of his life, a beautiful, simple steady soul whose voice was the light in the dark places along the dingy river, even in hunger and pain, singing, singing, a madrigal, his madrigal!"

I will not attempt to give more than this bare outline of what came to me in this flash, but the incident still remains upon me as the most startling and wonderful thing that Patience Worth has brought me.

One very odd and interesting phase of the phenomena is the fact that during the time of transcribing the matter and watching the tiny panorama unfold before me, I have often seen myself, small as one of the characters, standing as an onlooker, or walking among the people in the play. When I became curious to ascertain, for instance, what sort of fruit a market man was selling, or the smell of some flower, or the feel of some texture which was foreign to my experience, this tiny figure of myself would boldly take part in the play, quite naturally, perhaps, walking to the binside of a market man and taking up the fruit and tasting it, or smelling the flower within a garden, or feeling the cloth, or in any natural way attending to the problem in hand. And the experience was immediately my property, as though it had been an actual experience: for it was as real to me as any personal experience, becoming physically mine, recorded by my sight, taste and smell as other experiences. Thus I have become familiar with many flowers

of strange places which I never saw, but know when I see them again in the pictures. I have shuddered at obnoxious odors, or have been quite exalted by the beauty of some object, or filled with joy at beholding some flower which I had never seen before. It is like traveling in new and unknown regions, and I am filled with an impulse to let myself go, that I may follow out the intricate pattern of the story, and gain new knowledge. I find that I possess an uncanny familiarity with things I have never known—with the kind of jugs and lamps used in far countries in the long ago, and the various methods of cooking, or certain odd and strange customs or dress or jewelry. I know many manners and customs of early England, or old Jerusalem, and of Spain and France.

Another persistent phase of the phenomena is that ever since the coming of Patience, she has been giving evidence of knowing the inner life of those who come to meet her. So many scores and hundreds of these occurrences have transpired that it no longer causes any wonder to the people of her household. We write twice a week, and every time we write, if there are newcomers, Patience shows that she knows them and what they are doing, what their sorrows are, if any, what are their dispositions; in fact she has shown that in a pinch there is nothing about them which is kept from her if she desires to know it.

This has brought us to believe that she actually has another sense, vouchsafed only in small measure to the rest of us, which gives her a clear view of others, so that she may refer, as she often has, to things in their lives that no one else knows, certainly not I, and she often tells people things about themselves in such a way that I cannot understand what is meant, yet the person interested does, and many a time I have had come back to me months afterward things that Patience had told people thus in secret. This happened scores of times in New York on my recent visit.

One most peculiar thing about this work is that while I am writing there seems to be no definite places where my consciousness ceases, and that of Patience comes in. Very early I began to notice that even while I was carefully spelling a poem, I was keenly conscious, even with an added keenness, of everything about me and of anything regarding my person at the same time.

I could feel my nose itch and scratch it, note an air of criticism on the face of one of the company, and the worshipful expression of another, think what I was going to have for midnight lunch after they had gone, and write right along on the poem, understanding it as it came, and wondering at its beauty and strength, calling the letters, then the words, pausing to let Mr. Curran catch up with the writing. There are only two things which seem to jar Patience off temporarily—a sharp noise, as an impact, or a conversation started by one of the company to which I would have to listen.

There are one or two classes of things which Patience is put to it to give me. One is proper names, especially names of persons. I had this trouble early in the writings, and now whenever I think she is about to give me a

proper name, I begin to try to help her get it, which is the very thing which prevents her from giving it to me. My own thoughts intervene. I remember once in writing "The Sorry Tale" we stuck on a woman's name, Legia. After a long time Patience said:

"Thou hast an eye, thou hast an arm, thou hast a Legia!"

Thus I was circumvented and the name arrived. Another time she tried to give the word *sanctuary*. Now I had had this word before, but this time it was used in a new sense, and I stuck. Finally she showed me a picture: a wide field brown with autumn withering. Suddenly across it sped a fox running for his life, followed by a hallooing crowd of horsemen and dogs. The fox made for a house at the edge of the field and ran under the porch. A man appeared, ran toward the horsemen, and raising his hand cried: "Sanctuary!" It was my word.

We have done very little experimenting with the machinery with which Patience gives me her words. The first thing an investigator wants to do is to blindfold me, turn the board over or make "conditions" other than those under which I have so long written. To me this is amusing, feeling as I do that they might as well try to get heavenly temperature by feeling a kite string. Once a certain psychologist asked that I try to write with the board upside down. I did, and nothing came. Then I suggested that if he would let the board stay right side up until I began a poem, it might be I could then write with it inverted. This was done, and so it proved. But when the board was inverted, I still was able to see a board with letters just as it was before, so I could go right on. I am satisfied that Patience showed me the board: for it was just as real as anything she shows me, but had the advantage of looking as if it were under glass. When we again resumed the proper position, Patience asked the learned doctor if he didn't want to try it with the pointer upside down!

It would seem that the memory of Patience Worth is perfect. We have asked her to recall certain things, such as the lines of a poem she had written months before for a scientist, by request, but which he and all of us had forgotten so completely that we knew not even what it was about. She gave the first four lines just to show she could.

Once a record was lost. It was the record which came when "The Sorry Tale" was first begun. Twenty months afterwards, when Mr. Yost prepared to write his preface to the book, we were still unable to locate the record, and in despair asked Patience if she could recall it, and she proceeded to give it to us verbatim. Each time the coming was witnessed by the same five people who could not give it themselves, but recognized it when it was repeated by Patience. It was only about 150 words.

Often there comes to me the realization that Patience not only knows what is going on now, but knows the literature of all times and places. When she began her beautiful French story that she is now working on, she mentioned in its pages Villon the great poet of whom we then knew nothing. She went farther and gave a hint of the character

a reference to another poet of the same land, one Basselin, and told of the nature of his writings. I cannot even admit the possibility that I had ever heard the name, though of course he must have slipped into my subconsciousness whole while I was not looking! Sly dog!

Now comes a rather important reference to sacred history. Some weeks ago, Archbishop Glennon of this diocese, following a general policy of the Catholic Church, preached a sermon upon the return of spirits, in which he said that good spirits did not return, that they were "in the keeping of God," and that if spirits did return, they were emissaries of the Evil One, tempting with soft words and a robe of piety, the souls of men to their damnation. This not verbatim, but in effect. This was on Sunday, and the papers the next morning contained this synopsis. That evening we wrote with Patience, and the matter was mentioned. At once Patience had this to say:

"I say me, who became apparent before the Maid? Who became a vision before Bernadette? No less than the Mother; yet they have lifted up their voices saying the dead are in His keeping."

This last about the dead gave us the cue to what she referred, though we had no idea of what she meant by the rest. Looking up the matter the next day we found that Bernadette Soubirous was the Maid of Lourdes, the peasant girl before whom appeared the Mother Mary according to the annals of Church history. So notwithstanding the Archbishop, they must come back. It might interest the reader to know the final remark Patience made as to this:

"No man's word," she said, "may be a bolt to heaven's gateway. I shall sing not one lay which shall not contain God. Let any man do this, and he need not fear temptation nor the phantom Satan. If Satan were before thee he would be a mollusk, a boneless thing, the tongue of man!"

One night we were at a neighboring theatre. During an act in which there were a number of girls in Scotch costumes giving instrumental selections, I began to see some of the pictures Patience shows me. I saw a field of grain and a man standing with one spear in his hand. There was something in the music which seemed to aid in the bringing the scene.

I roused and told this to Mr. Curran who was beside me. We realized at once that the green border of the scene with the yellow plaids of the girls formed a similarity to the green and gold board which I use, one specially made to save my eyes, with a green background and gilt letters. When opportunity came, we asked Patience, and she said that with this was also the calling of a pipe in the music which was being played, which was the same sound as the pipe of Panda in "The Sorry Tale" when he played at night in the lone hills of Bethlehem; "and the notes sobbed and dripped of tears."

Patience's literary stunts—things she does which no mortal man may do, according to our wise writers, form a large share of the wonderful evidences of superusual power. Here are a few: Wrote the novel "Telka," 70,000 words

in blank verse, actual writing time 35 hours. Characters well rounded, plot true and novel, language a high order of poetry, about 80 per cent dialogue. Written in a manufactured English formed of a combination of all English dialects; 98 per cent words of one and two syllables; 95 per cent pure Anglo-Saxon; no word in it that has come into the language since the sixteenth century; a tapestry closely woven, and revealing a beautiful purpose.

Patience is writing on four novels at once, part of each at a time. She has written a line of one in its dialect, then a line of another in a different dialect, then back to the first for a line, switching from one to the other at top speed and without a break; at times she has assembled two persons in each story, engaged them in conversation, and made the characters of one seem to reply and even argue with the characters in the other. When the stories are *script*, it is found that they read right along in the proper continuity of text.

She has also written a line of a poem, for 1917, as among the best poems of

a line of story, and then alternated them for some time to the completion of the poem. When *script*, it is invariably found that each is whole and unhurt.

Amongst the poems and stories, even between the lines, she stops to converse or make an epigram or give a discourse, parable or prayer, as the mood or the occasion seems to warrant. She has done about every kind of literary form except those that require rhyme. These she seems to dislike, but we have concluded that it is for the reason that whenever she begins to rhyme, and I notice it, I interpose my own thoughts, and in spite of myself try to help her with the rhymes, confusing the whole operation. There are, however, about ten rhymed poems in the entire 2,200 she has given.

Patience appalls people in the amount of her labors. Her record for one evening's poems is twenty-two; and to show that they are not mere jumbled words, I will state that Mr. Braithwaite put five out of the twenty-two in his Anthology



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the year. One million, six hundred thousand words in five years, all literature, is an output that cannot be equaled in the annals of history.

Patience puts only one limit to the things she will do by request, and that is that they must have some bearing upon religion, which to her includes all morals and the rules of brotherhood. She bars creeds. So when the State Capitol Commission of Missouri, intent on putting inscriptions by Missouri authors on certain tablets in the new state house, asked Patience to furnish one, she gave it willingly.

The requirements for this inscription were that it contain 120 letters only, the spaces and punctuation marks to be counted as letters. Patience gave this as fast as it could be written in longhand:

'TIS THE GRAIN OF GOD THAT BE WITHIN
THY HANDS. CAST NAY GRAIN AWHITHER.
EVEN THE CHAFF IS HIS, AND THE DUST
THY BROTHER'S.

Count the letters, spaces and punctuation. They foot up 120 in all.

I cannot close this article without an appeal for help. I cannot get it from Patience: for she is silent on the subject. When she was dictating her last completed book, "The Pot Upon the Wheel," she said that "love rode upon the back of a bird, and carried a rod of sweet cane and a brace of arrows." Somewhere, I firmly believe, there is a legend of this sort, or somewhere there is an account of it, but where, we never have been able to find. Does any reader of the *Unpartisan* know where such reference may be found? The plot of the story is laid within the walls of a desert town of Arabia, no telling how many years ago, though it might be more modern than we think. This may be a help to the answering.

Lately I have been doing some writing on my own account,—without the impulse from Patience Worth—and so far have been very successful. In doing this material, I use a typewriter, and by persistent practice have become quiet adept, having reached the point now where I can use the keys unconsciously. Once the trick of using the keys without the conscious effort to find each and every one was learned,—Fresto! there is a perfectly good means of communication, *unhampered with conscious effort*. Patience seemed to realize it, and delivered a poem to me through the typewriter instead of the Ouija board. As I was writing a letter to a friend, I wrote a line of poetry before I realized that I had done it, then it crowded along and infringed itself into the text of my letter! . . . The keyboard offered the letters in the same way that the Ouija did, and the removal of conscious effort left me free for her dictation. My own writing of short stories without the aid of Patience has been most interesting—to watch the functioning of my own mind and feel the difference between the conscious effort of the ordinary manner of writing, as against the unconscious manner in which the Patience Worth material comes to me.

My own writing fatigues me, while the other (Patience Worth's) exhilarates

me. That's a queer mess of a statement, but quite true.

I am rapidly discarding the Ouija board. This has been coming on for a long time. For months I have been almost unconsciously dropping the spelling of the words until I have been able lately to simply recite the poems instead; though if I become conscious of the change, I have to go back to the spelling. Last night I wrote a poem on my typewriter for Patience. Every other condition was the same, her presence, the pictures of the symbols, the pressure on my head, and everything except that I was at the typewriter, and since I can now write on the machine without guiding my fingers, the lines came right along. I expect eventually to discard the board altogether. I hate to do this, for think of the check there will be upon the sale of Ouija boards!

Letters from the People

Authority: Its Basis

Chardon, Ohio, March 8, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Some time ago I was subjected to an inquisitorial examination by a county auditor and prosecuting attorney. These officials (both lovable men in private life) excused their actions on the ground that they were not quizzing me on their own responsibility, but were acting as the agents of a superior authority, doing their duty as government officials in bringing out hidden property for purposes of taxation.

And so of all government officials. Responsibility is shifted along until it finally rests upon "Society," the popularly accepted legitimate source of authority—an authority supposed to be necessary in order to restrain man's anti-social tendencies. For the ancient dogma that man, as an individual, is inherently evil and must be controlled by a superior social intelligence, still holds sway over the masses.

In popular thought it is our duty, as members of a social body, to obey the will of "Society" as expressed through the machinery of state. For the edicts of the state are supposed to be the expression of a social intelligence superior to that of any individual or group, the combined intelligence of all the people.

Thus the basis of authority is superior intelligence, either actual or assumed. And it always has been so among socially conscious men. All exercise of governmental authority is, and always has been, in the name of some popularly accepted superior intelligence, some personal or institutional divinity. Socially conscious men recognize a higher law than might as the law of human association. They will not coerce each other on their own responsibility.

Social progress has brought the source of this supposed superior intelligence nearer and nearer to man. Kings ruled by divine right as the inspired personal agents of a personal divinity outside of man. Men who make up the governmental machinery of a democracy rule in the name of an institutional superior intelligence supposed to be generated from the whole

body of the people and finding expression in majority vote.

Today as never before the basis of governmental authority is being questioned. Men are beginning to deny the ancient dogma that, as individuals, they are inherently evil. We are coming to realize that men in the mass cannot generate a social intelligence not inherent in the individual; that intelligence is a faculty of the mind just as vision is a faculty of the eye; that no voting or other grouping of men's minds can produce a greater degree of intelligence, any more than grouping of men's eyes can produce a greater degree of vision.

The fundamental concept on which authority rests is breaking down.

The coming revolution will center around a denial of any superior intelligence outside the individual. True democracy, true self-government (the rule of the individual over himself, with personal responsibility) is breaking through the husk of majorityism. Institutional slavery, the rule of man over man in the name of the abstraction "Society," is doomed.

W. T. BETHUNE.

♦♦

He Mauls Mr. Masters

Chicago, Ill., March 11, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I am glad to note that the MIRROR does not publish the *soi-disant* poems of Edgar Lee Masters as much as formerly, and I trust that this is due to the editorial policy of the MIRROR rather than to the cessation of that author himself.

There was a time in American literature when any book of poems issuing from the press of a reputable publisher might be placed in the hands of our youth, without fear of contamination. But it is no longer so, and indeed not so since the author of "Spoon River Anthology" burst with vehement lubricity upon a defenseless public.

Think, if you will, of the work of Longfellow, who gave us such noble portraits as "Evangeline" and such delicate purities as "Maidenhood," and then contrast with these such atrocious revelations in pathology as "Nellie Clark" and "Daisey Fraser." Or think, if you will, of Whittier's "Snowbound" and then put by its side "St. Francis and Lady Clare," that sensual production of an irreverent spirit, or "In Michigan," which is the detailed description of an illicit honeymoon, contrary alike to moral and municipal law—I refer to the Mann act, that glorious enshrinement of morality in statute.

I am not wanting in enthusiasm for the editor of the MIRROR, but I am compelled to note with surprise that our hitherto noble American literature could achieve a deterioration through the consent of the editor of the MIRROR.

Let us have no more of these assaults upon decency by Mr. Masters, whose stimulus is wine and not spirituality, and who is doing what lies in his power to revive the Pagan ideal and to turn the tide against prohibition, law and order, the home, and true American Christian principles.

ELMER CHUBB, LL.D., Ph.D.

2.75 Per Cent Liberty

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

New York, March 8th.

Shall we have 2.75 per cent personal liberty? Are all the brave words about the right of sober, temperate men and women to decide for themselves what beverages they shall drink, merely to result in the "right" to drink a compound that nobody wants? Is the nationwide resentment against sumptuary legislation to simmer down to a matter of percentages? Are the American people, who have been protesting against the 18th Amendment and the iniquitous Volstead act, going to be satisfied with such a miserable compromise as is offered by the New Jersey law for 3.50 per cent beer? Is the question of inalienable rights guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, to be settled on the basis that alcoholic beverages are a "poison," but that 2.75 per cent of "poison" will be permitted? When we say hereafter that we believe in liberty, shall we qualify our faith by adding, "2.75 per cent liberty?"

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

♦♦

The Editor's Not Guilty

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

St. Louis, March 11th.

For some time past now we have been reading in your Letters-from-the-Peepul department the various lucubrations and animadversions signed "Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D." and have been deriving much innocent, if somewhat puzzled, amusement from this editorial joke of yours. Puzzled, because one cannot quite fathom the purpose of the invention; for of course, there "ain't no such animal" as this "Chubb" thing; you can't fool us! Them as thinks they know, are sure that the LL.D., Ph.D. is a child of your own brain's spawning. But it is lacking somehow in verisimilitude: the figure is a little too improbable to be possible even in this promised land of unlimited and outrageous impossibilities. *Dooley and Perlmutter and Potash* and the *Japanese Schoolboy* all have, at least, their living and breathing prototypes; but the "Chubb" feature is as unreal as *Mutt and Jeff*, or the "creations" of that other myth, *Miss Hurst*. However, you may, if you keep on, develop the figure into something distantly reminiscent of a human creature, and so gradually endow it with a modicum of guts.

Here's hoping!

A. B.

♦♦

In Socialistic Milwaukee

Milwaukee, Wisc., March 6th.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I came to Milwaukee looking for a job as a journalist. Nothing doing. I just loafed round and pecked up impressions. If you care for them here they are:

Milwaukee is witnessing something ironical: the Socialists in fear that women may become eligible to vote in the April city election. Bear in mind that, for thirty years, in this country, woman suffrage has been one of the cardinal demands of the Socialist party—when no other party favored it. Socialist leaders fear woman's conservative instincts will make her, at first, an opponent of their plans for industrial and political change.

Also Milwaukee is witnessing the transportation of illicit liquor inter and

bankruptcy of the daily newspaper press; absolute suppression, in all of the non-Socialist dailies, of any mention of the Socialist city platform, and of the Socialist mayor's review of four years of Socialist achievements in the City Hall, and of Socialist plans for city policy for the next four years.

Here is a majority party submitting an account of its stewardship of the city government for four years past, and a proposal for four years more, and the six non-Socialist daily papers refuse to print a word of either. The citizen stockholders in the municipal corporation, looking to the daily newspapers for information regarding their public affairs, are kept in the dark—cheated—so far as concerns any utterance from the majority party that has ruled the city for four years past and that bids fair to rule it for four years more.

Can you beat it? And what does it signify for the future of democratic government in this country? Here is a theme worthy of your editorial consideration, surely.

One result of this policy of news suppression is, as might have been expected, a tremendous growth in the circulation of the one Socialist daily. Citizens intelligent enough to desire news of their city government and of Socialist party policies have had to subscribe for the *Leader*. Its Milwaukee city and county circulation now exceeds 40,000 daily and is growing more rapidly than that of any other Milwaukee newspaper.

JOHANN FABER.

♦♦

Prohibit the Automobile

Mt. Airy, Ga., March 13, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Emboldened by your broadmindedness in giving space in your columns to the moral sanities of Elmer Chubb, LL. D., Ph. D., I address you to suggest a needed national reform, which I am surprised to note has not been taken up by any of the multitudinous conservators of the public weal.

You, sir, have doubtless observed, in a perusal of the daily press, that the automobile is conspicuous in the news—offensively, scandalously conspicuous. We read of the misfortunes of girls who have been allure to ride in those vehicles with wicked young men; of accidents which reveal the fact that married women go joy-riding with men other than their husbands and vice versa. The automobile is the chariot of assignation. Enough of that painful subject.

You must know, sir, that the automobile is the deadliest lethal instrument—if that be not tautological—known to peace. It kills its thousands yearly and maims I know not how many.

More than that; it is the most efficient mechanism—or is it efficacious?—at the command of our criminal classes. It is used by the stick-up men, the pay-roll robbers, the bank robbers who spread daylight and nocturnal terror through the land.

The automobile leads men into extravagance and carries them to the clandestinely bacchanalian roadhouse. It takes and keeps people away from church on Sunday and from the evening prayer meeting. It is used in the illicit

intra state. I never see one of them that I do not think of it as the device of Satan to take the world to hell upon wheels.

The automobile is an endlessly reduplicating cause of sin. If we are, as the sociologists agree with the theolo-

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gians in saying, our brothers' keeper. Why not agitate for a national law then we should save the people from the prohibiting the manufacture, sale and automobile. "If thine eye offend thee, use of the automobile. Such a law pluck it out." If we cannot take the world save lives, money, morals. It young man, and the young woman (*vide* comes within the scope of the exercise article by "Domesticus" in your issue of of the police power on the control of the 10th inst.) away from the automobile. We might prohibit gasoline, it is clear that it is our duty tooline, too, while we are about it. The remove the automobile temptation from world must be made safe for democracy them, for no less than rum, it is ruin-afoot or on horseback, and for the ing thousands of homes; all the ways Christian virtues of thrift, sobriety and of life are strewn with its wreckage. PURITY. MELANTHON Z. TOLLIVER.

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LaFollette's Republican Platform

PLATFORMS are going to count for something in this year's presidential campaign. What the planks of the old parties will proclaim no one knows.

THE MIRROR has printed the post-card platform of the Conference of Forty-eighters with its long and strong argument for a program of public ownership of railroads, mines, packing plants, etc., taxation of land held out of use, and restoration of all civil liberties.

Following is the complete platform of the LaFollette Progressive Republican candidates for delegate from Wisconsin to the Republican National Convention:

We favor the immediate conclusion of peace and resumption of trade with all countries.

We are opposed to the League of Nations as a standing menace to peace, and we denounce the Treaty as a violation of the pledges made to the world and a betrayal of the honor of this nation. It would make us a party to the enslavement of Egypt and India, the rape of China, and the ruthless oppression of Ireland.

We would favor a League for Peace, composed of all the nations of the world, provided they were mutually pledged by binding covenants, with proper guarantees, to abolish compulsory military service, and provided further, that the several nations mutually bind themselves to a speedy disarmament, reducing the land and naval forces of each nation to the strict requirements of a purely police and patrol service.

We demand the immediate restoration of free speech, free press, peaceable assembly, and all civil rights and liberties guaranteed by the constitution.

We favor the repeal of the Espionage and Sedition Act, and denounce the attempt to write such laws into the permanent statutes of the country.

We oppose all legislation conferring upon the Postmaster General, or any other governmental agency, the power to deny the mailing privilege to any person without judicial hearing, and the right of appeal.

We oppose compulsory military service in time of peace. We denounce the use of our soldiers in countries with which we are not at war, and we favor the speedy reduction of world armaments.

We oppose the exile of any person lawfully admitted to this country, except for crime fixed by law, and then only upon trial and conviction by jury.

We demand the abolition of injunctions in labor disputes.

We favor such legislation as may be needful and helpful in promoting direct co-operation and eliminating waste, speculation and excessive profits between producer and consumer, as offering some measure of relief from the

oppressive and intolerable economic conditions under which the farmer, the wage earner, and people generally suffer at this time.

We favor laws permitting labor and farm organizations, for the purpose of collective bargaining, in industry, trade and commerce.

We favor repeal of the Esch-Cummings railroad law, by which the people are forced to guarantee railroad profit, while such railroads are privately owned, and declare for the ultimate public ownership of railroads, and the gradual acquisition of stock yard terminals, large packing plants, and all other natural resources, the private ownership of which is the basis of private monopoly.

We demand economy in government, to replace the extravagance run riot under the present administration. The expenses of the present year of peace, it has been estimated, will be approximately \$11,000,000,000, or ten times the annual pre-war expense.

We condemn the system that permits 18,000 millionaires to be produced from war-profits—one millionaire for every three American soldiers killed in France. We demand that taxes be laid upon wealth in proportion to ability to pay, in such manner as will prevent such tax burdens being shifted to the back of the burdens being shifted to the backs of the poor, in higher prices and increased cost of living.

We denounce the alarming usurpation of legislative power, by the federal courts, as subversive of democracy, and we favor such amendments to the constitution, and thereupon, the enactment of such statutes as may be necessary, to provide for the election of all federal judges, for fixed terms not exceeding ten years, by direct vote of the people.

We favor such amendments to the Constitution, and thereupon the enactment of such statutes as may be necessary to extend the initiative and the referendum to national legislation, and the recall to Representatives in Congress and United States Senators.

We favor a platform for the Republican party, embracing these principles, and a candidate for President whose public record is a guaranty that he is in full accord therewith.

We pledge the people that, if elected as delegates to the National Convention, we will use our best efforts to promote these principles and nominate candidates in sympathy with them.

We favor paying the soldiers of the late war a sufficient sum to make their war wages equal to at least civilian pay, and this as a matter of right, and not as charity, or bonus. We favor other laws liberally recognizing the patriotic devotion of our soldiers in all our wars.

We favor a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea. The government should, in conjunction with Can-

ada, take immediate action to give the Northwestern states an outlet to the ocean for cargoes, without change in bulk, thus making the primary markets on the great lakes equal to those of New York.

What Ibanez Really Said

The author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Mare Nostrum," and other novels has stirred up quite a tempest in a teacup by some remarks he is alleged to have made, but which he denies making, at the University Club in Philadelphia, in the course of which he is said to have declared that American men ought to rise up in revolt against the domination of the American woman and subject the American wife to drastic treatment of the caveman sort. At once the newspapers of New York and other cities took up the matter, interviewed prominent women and wrote numerous editorials about it. And, altogether, the Spanish author probably discovered, if he had not guessed it before, that the American woman is sacrosanct to the visiting critic and that such a critic, if he cannot stretch his conscience to enthusiastic laudation, had much better leave the subject alone.

But when the disturbance had begun to calm down it occurred to the New York *World* to send a reporter to ask Senor Blasco Ibanez if he really said it. He promptly replied that he didn't, that he had made no speech and given no interview and that on the occasion in question he had been entertained informally by the University Club, that the conversation had been of a jocose character, in French, and that some one must have misunderstood him.

But he admitted to the *World* reporter that, greatly as he admired American women, he had noticed a tendency among them to take advantage of the high position in which they are held by their husbands and added that he thought the attitude of the husbands toward their wives was due to their recognition of the real superiority of the women. "In this country," he said, "the women have time for culture and the arts, while their husbands pursue dollars, and they have wonderful opportunities for education and wonderful freedom. I will admit I prefer to see the man direct the family, but that does not mean that I would ever advise husbands to 'treat 'em rough' or use caveman tactics. I believe, of course, that chivalrous courtesy should be the attitude of the husband. I will even admit that when I myself have been in love it has been my pleasure to be more dominated than the most henpecked—is not 'henpecked' the American word?—husband that I have seen in America.

"I like to see love above everything else between husband and wife. It is the happiness of love to belittle one's self in the other's presence. Therefore there is co-operation rather than dominance on either side in a real marriage. But not many people know real love," he went on philosophically. "Many die at the age of eighty, believing they have known love, but it is not so. We are all born with the possibility of having great riches, great beauty, great talent, but few ever taste these things. So it is with love."

Mrs. Tusitala

By Lilian Cassels

ARE you jaded, discouraged, a little bit disillusioned? Has your belief in the bravery and the loyalty and the steadfastness of human nature begun to falter? Is your ideal of the truth and the beauty of love beginning to blur and waver around its edges?

Then read "The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson," by her sister, Mrs. Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Its charmed pages hold for you an enchantment of healing.

So many extracts from letters and reminiscences of Mrs. Stevenson's own writing go to make up this fascinating volume, it is almost autobiographic. But the loving memories of this youngest sister of the brave Fanny have been used as a ribbon, binding together the flowers she has gathered from far and wide into a bouquet whose fragrance is like the clean odor of violets in the rain. The book is one which will be treasured by readers as much for its own charm as for the vitalizing sidelights it flashes upon the personality of Robert Louis Stevenson, beloved of two continents and of those brilliant south sea isles where his caravan halted from time to time in his search for health.

Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson, even in her childhood, was a fascinating little being, full of romance and odd imaginings. Her earliest memories she treasured in a story called "A Backwoods Childhood." Here she tells of her happiness in the forests surrounding her home, of her appreciation of the bounty of nature which furnished her in these primitive surroundings all that was needed to make childhood full of charm; "wild vines," she wrote, "clambering from tree to tree, made bowers fit for any fairy queen." She enumerated the wild fruits and nuts which grew in abundance around her Indiana home, and added, quaintly: "Or you might, as I did, gather wild grapes from over your head, press them in your hands, catch the juice in the neck of a dried calabash, and toss off the blood-red wine. I always called it the blood-red wine, though it was in reality a rather muddy-looking gray-colored liquid with the musky flavor peculiar to wild grapes. This wild dissipation I felt compelled to abandon after I joined a temperance society and wore a tinsel star on my breast."

The National Road, which ran through the hamlet where Fanny was born, filled the visionary child with bright dreams of "the wide world" to which it led. Little did Fanny Van de Grift know how much of that "wide world" was to become familiar to her gay, little, flitting feet!

From ancestors who had in America's early days conquered the wilderness and built homes from its stones and timbers Fanny Stevenson inherited that high courage, that unwavering determination, which placed in her delicate hands an almost unbelievable power over recalcitrant events and people and objects.

It was the labors of these same hands which, building shrine after shrine for the fragile vase in which the God of

Things As They Are had sealed the invalid the shanties in which they genius of Robert Louis Stevenson, "squatted" on mountaintops, by herself guarded and upheld those shrines nailing together doors and windows, through poverty and affluence, through scrubbing floors and walls, and installing conveniences for their simple house-keeping; she served feasts to island potentates; she made brothers of cannibals; she doctored sick and wounded servants; she raised chickens, cows, pigs; she planned and helped to build mansions and lovely domains. And through all the arduous tasks which made up the fourteen years of life with Robert Louis, she remained winsome, fresh, oddly droll and amusing in her humor, deeply intellectual in her sympathy with his creative work. So exciting were her adventures there seems no place to stop talking of them; each was more thrilling than the last.

As a critic, the dedication her own Louis wrote in his last novel, "Weir of Hermiston," tells in what regard he held her:

"Take thou the writing; thine it is.
For who
Burnished the sword, blew on the
drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher; chary of
praise,
And prodigal of counsel—who but
thou?"



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So now in the end, if this the least be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise
be thine."

To Fanny Stevenson as a wife he wrote:

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The great artificer made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty Master gave to her.

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and fancy-free,
The august Father gave to me.

Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson was married when she met Louis. They loved at first sight, in a flash. She was separated from her husband and studying art in Paris. But their courtship is told in many books by those who knew and loved them both. The many portraits of Mrs. Stevenson in this volume reveal her as a woman of power, dignity and charm. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A fitting companion to the volume above is "A Book of R. L. S." by George E. Brown. Commentaries on the works of Stevenson are here enriched through being associated with the persons or events instrumental in suggesting them to him; and also by his own opinions and judgments of these various productions. The history of the writing of each book is given, and such other information as is helpful to readers in a study of Stevenson. The book is bibliographic, as well as historic, and will be a valued addition to the already large mass of Stevensoniana. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Mother called little Susie to her, when she returned from school. "Just imagine, dear," she said. "Aunt Ethel has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin." "Well," cried Susie in amazement, "wasn't that all arranged quick?"

♦

"Santa Claus is only a myth." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But aren't we all more or less myths? Most of the men I know are admired or feared for qualities which exist largely in the popular imagination.—*Washington Star*.

"Didn't you say old Mr. Wadleigh had a turn for thrift?" "It's worse than that. It's a gift." "Yes." "Why, he can take a dollar out of his pocket and tell you what it will be doing twenty years from now."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

♦

"Queer thing about religion." "What is it?" "You never can tell what church a man goes to by the way he acts downtown on week days."—*Detroit Free Press*.

That Stolen Plot

MIRROR fans will recall the narration in these columns of the charge of plagiarism made against C. Amberton's story "Unto Others" in the *Unpartisan Review*. The story was said to have been taken from the French, or even, possibly, from a story by a young man at Harvard, reproduced in the MIRROR, which was said to be a plagiarism from the French. The young Harvard man denied the charge, saying he had never seen or heard of the French drama from which he was supposed to have plagiarized. Now C. Amberton is heard from. She writes in the current issue of the quarterly in which the sketch appeared:

London, Dec. 12, 1919.

Editor of The Unpartisan Review.

The day before yesterday I received a cutting from the *New York Times*, a letter dated November 2nd, addressed to the Editor of the Review of Books, and signed "Constant Reader."

It states that I have pilfered the plot of *Unto Others* from a French one-act play called *Sabotage* by Ch. Hellem, W. Valeros and Pol d'Estoc, produced at the Grand Guignol, Paris; and that the writer had written you on the subject.

There is no record of this play at the British Museum, and so far I have been unable to get it elsewhere. I have written to the director of the Grand Guignol, who ought to be able to get a copy.

Until I have seen it, I can form no opinion as to the nearness of my story to the play, but however near it may be, the story is entirely my own; I have never seen or heard of the play, nor of any of the versions or articles mentioned by "Constant Reader."

. . . The climax of it came into my mind during a somewhat painful period of 13 weeks spent in hospital at Weyburn, Sask., Canada. The light failed one evening, and I asked the operating surgeon, Dr. William McDonald, what would happen if the men at the Power House struck and cut off the supply during an operation.

The main setting of the story is the result of impressions gained at the Winchester Repeating Arms Factory at New Haven, Conn.

. . . The cutting was sent to me by Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott, of Yale University, who treated the suggestion of "Constant Reader" as quite a joke, but thought his letter a good advertisement for my story. . . He could tell you whether I am a fraud or not.

C. AMBERTON.

London, Dec. 28, 1919.

. . . I cannot refrain from reiterating that my story is the result of reactions in my own mind, caused by my own experience, not by reading or hearing any story or play or article.

C. AMBERTON.

It is but fair play to print C. Amberton's disclaimer in these columns, where the charges were discussed without presentation of her side of the case.

"Marriage is a failure," said the Cynic, with a sneer. "No wonder," replied the Philosopher. "Look how many inexperienced people go in for it!"—*London Answers*.

Old Lace

By Rebecca Drucker

MY grandmother is illiterate. Therefore she is cut off from the diversion which reading might afford one imprisoned by the infirmities of age. I doubt, however, even if she could read whether she would do so. She is still too greatly occupied with the spectacle of life to turn her attention from it to a pale reflection of it.

She bears no resentment against the Talmudic discrimination, interpreted literally in her case, enjoining women from learning. Why should she? It has cut her off from no important revelations. Her life, even in that rigidly orthodox scheme of a village in Northern Russia, was sufficient in its experiences of human beings to grant her the wisdom she needed. The sophistication which that remote world yielded her was such that neither the new world nor the kaleidoscope of modern values could bewilder her. She needed no wide reading to persuade her of the unchanging qualities of human nature.

As for any spiritual comfort that might come to her from an ability to read the Bible, I believe her to be quite indifferent to that. In spite of all her gestures of piety she is really entirely a skeptic. She asks for no mitigations of life. The articles of her faith being clearly memorized and made into a manual of observances, she dismisses them from further consideration.

It is a wearisome task to keep a spirit which has not lost its zest for the routine of life from flagging against the limitations of age. Nevertheless she carries on the losing battle with no admissions of defeat.

Her days are an elaborate ritual of tasks cunningly inflated to cheat time. Meaningless tasks, most of them, but they serve to keep her fingers on the tangible things of life. In the energy which she bends to a set of futile tasks—the endless sorting of the fantastic treasures contained in an antique snuff-colored plush bag, the weaving of ineffectual lace for a non-existent purpose, the performance of the least significant of housekeeping tasks—there is the gesture of defiance in the face of threatening extinction. And in the culminating event of her week, when, sitting bolt upright in bed, she polishes her brass candlesticks, there is the effect of ritualistic preparation for an observance of victory. Holding the sabbath lighted tapers, they signalize her triumph over another week.

Against a billowing background of huge pillows, she presents a cameo-sharp outline—for all her incessant movement, a figure of intense stillness. The stillness is in her glance which takes us in with a sort of ironic mirth. These huge European pillows which hold her as in a frame are symbolical of something firm in her that has triumphed over something facile in us. She has not yielded with us too wholly to the ways of America. She has held on to her own ways against that wave of hygienic reform with which, in our first flushed and eager absorption into the American public school, we swept out of our immigrant home not only a day's journey—to buy some hides for

the germs but all the color and individuality, as well.

Her silence makes sharper that irony with which she views my childless married sister, whose sociological passion has left all her individual relationships in a state of suspended animation, so to speak; my school-teacher sister, who is already beginning to show the attenuations of an unwilling spinsterhood, and me, who am so uncertainly feeling my way through the toyshop of modern theories that I am likely to be choosing among them all my life long. She regards most sardonically my mother, whose tragedy she is well equipped to understand. The facile acceptance of modern ways for her children's sake has uprooted my mother from her moorings of tradition, from her group of fundamental acceptances, and set her afloat on an uncharted sea. She wanders amid alien landmarks, with no intellectual hook for taking hold on the slippery values of the new world. In the look my grandmother bends on her there is no yearning pity. It holds a gibe for the uneasy sophistication in whose murk we wander so restlessly.

But in the motions of weaving her attitude of appraisal seems somewhat softened and her silence is often broken. Something in the rhythmic, intricate geometric diagramming of the shuttle seems to release her mind and it slips back easily to that medieval past of hers out of which she can draw such startlingly primitive patterns of form and color.

I sat beside her bedside, glancing through a book which traced by a new theory the growth of household arts. Myself, I am ignorant of the simplest of them. But this book had stirred me to a romantic view of them as measures wherewith to plumb civilization. For the first time I was drawn to an examination of the pattern of the lace my grandmother was weaving.

"Why," I said, ruminating over it and comparing it with a plate in the book, "this is not a Russian lace. It is a sort of French importation on a Russian design—"

My grandmother looked up and said with great pride. "You will not find many people who know the pattern of this. Nowhere else in Russia do they weave lace in this fashion or in this design. Whenever I see a woman who knows this, I ask her where she comes from and sure enough she comes from our town or one close by. It must be so, because the secret of it was first my mother's."

"But where did she learn it?" I asked.

"From strangers—strangers who came and went one winter without leaving any trace behind them but this. It was nearly twenty years before I was born—a bitter winter; a year of black frost that settled down after harvest-time like a prison sentence. From the Feast of Tabernacle to Eastertime our village lay nearly buried in snow. This day in early winter, my father had gone by sledge to a town eight versts away—to buy some hides for



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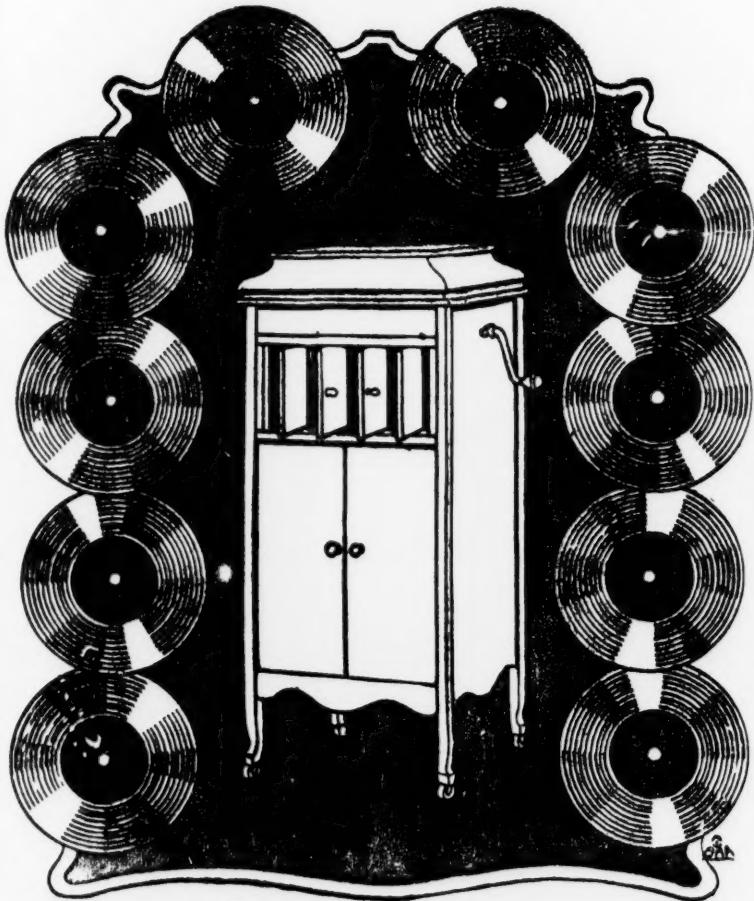
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the tanning which was his business. At dusk, my mother heard a tapping on the window-pane and she looked out. There stood two men--foreigners. She had never seen foreigners in all her life. These were dressed not in the sheepskins and boots and blouses of our part of the country, but in strangely colored fantastic garments that hung in fluttering rags about them. She was terribly frightened and would have barred the door to them, but she saw that they were emaciated and blue with cold. Well, whatever they were they were human beings, and you could not leave a dog to freeze on a night like this. She went to the door and opened it and asked them what they wanted. They answered in a strange gibberish, they pointed to their mouths with gestures showing that they were hungry, and they crouched in the shadow of the doorway where the lamplight might not fall on them. My mother summoned them in and gave them bowls of *borsht* and pieces of black bread, which they ate like starving men, making strange sounds between themselves. Just then my father came, and he called another neighbor into council to make what they could of the strangers' speech. They signified pitifully that they wished to be hidden. Over and over again they pointed to the south. My father and his neighbor talked it over, and decided that each would shelter one of the strangers through the winter. No official would come near the house and they would be safe from any need to show passports until the spring.

"Our guest was a kind and gentle fellow. My mother told me that they never learned each other's speech, barring a few very common words, but they got on very well together in a sort of sign language. When he had been fed and warmed and clothed he was a fine young fellow--swarthy and dark and quick in his actions--and always singing. He was a great entertainer for the children--he had a merry way with them--and he was very respectful to my mother. He carried and fetched for her, split wood and carried water--and during the long winter evenings he whittled himself a little shuttle like this one, and taking thread from my mother he showed her how to make this lace. He did it with an incredible swiftness. My mother was quick to learn. She was famous in the village for her handicraft skill, and the mastery of this new accomplishment was a great feather in her cap.

"In the spring when the frost broke up my father gave him peasant clothes and turned him and his comrade over to a peasant who was traveling southward and westward. They made many gestures of farewell, and pointed southward as if there lay their home. They went away and were never seen again. But my mother did not forget the lace-making, and soon the women of our village were famous for it."

I examined the pattern of it again, with a disquieting sense that here was a clue to something. It was very like a familiar design of French lace. A sort of bastard Duchesse--unquestionably French--

With a mounting excitement I began to add figures in my mind, and then in a sort of frenzy--

"You are eighty years old," I cried, "and this happened twenty years before you were born--"

"Yes," answered my grandmother placidly, "I was the youngest of twelve. It was about a hundred years ago--"

"Well, don't you see--" I cried, hardly able to constrain myself, overwhelmed by a sudden sense of continuity. "Don't you see that these were men from Napoleon's army--drifting pieces from the army shattered at Moscow--These men were French--"

My grandmother looked at me uncomprehendingly. "These men were from the south and they returned. They never told us how or from where they came to us."

"But you have heard of Napoleon--and how he set all Europe on fire--and the defeat at Moscow--"

My grandmother shook her head. She had never heard of Napoleon:

The incredible romance of it. That here in this pocket of a New York flat there should roll up the backwash from that tidal wave. Incredible, too, that two refugees in a remote village unconscious of the philosophies of history should have gone on performing the business of conquest with more success and dispatch than the great generals in Moscow had achieved.

The amazing adventure of it that this bit of lace should have kept its secret for me with my American public school education to unravel--that in it lay my authentic personal contact with a huge movement in history! I touched it as though it were alive, as though under it the huge forces of history stirred in their sleep. How could I make my grandmother see the immense enterprise it embodied? But of what advantage that she should see it? Its historical significance would not seem even faintly important to her.

"It was the ambition of Napoleon to rule the world," I began telling the story simply, "and he brought about the greatest war the world has known, to make Europe French--"

"There was no war in our village," said my grandmother. "I do not know if these men were French. They were foreigners. But," she added with pride, "it is only in our part of Russia that they make lace like this."--From the *New Republic*.

♦♦♦

"Jimmy," said the fond mother to her smart eleven-year-old, "what became of that little pie I made for you as a treat yesterday? Did you eat it?" "No, mamma," answered Jimmy, with a grin; "I gave it to my teacher at school instead." "That was very nice and generous of you, Jimmy," complimented his mother. "And did your teacher eat it?" "Yes; I think so," answered Jimmy. "She wasn't at school today."

♦

"Do you believe there is any such word as fail?" asked the man in the smoking-car of the man sitting next to him. "Sure there is," was the reply. "But some people say there is not." "Well, I say there is, and I ought to know." "Why should you know more than the others?" "Because I'm a referee in bankruptcy."--*Houston Post*.

Women in Politics and the Teachers' Pay

By Margaret B. Downing

If American politicians were, as a Utopia. They demand among other whole, students of the classics and could turn for comfort in these be-fuddled days to certain writings of Aristophanes, some of the phenomenal tension which marks this pre-presidential campaign period might be diminished. Unfortunately the leaders study trade journals, the markets, even the *Congressional Record*, so assiduously, they have no time for those mellow old authors who could impart the wisdom of meeting the ills of life with a laugh. So they are driven to fury by the latest Non-Partisan League, this great organization of women voters who are descending on the weakened defenses of government by party, like the melting snows in the bed of an arroyo. Leaders who have not flinched at the demands made by the wets and the drys, who have battled valiantly with the non-partisan tactics of the American Federation of Labor and of the farmers of the Northwest, are completely demoralized by the onslaught of the women who demand the right of collective bargaining, of wages on the basis of occupation and not of sex, and some twenty other articles in this new bill of rights, and who are armed with the ballot with which they threaten to crack the skulls of all who oppose.

This organization which was born a few weeks ago in Chicago, and is the logical successor of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, calls itself the National League of the Woman Voters. Its officers are Mrs. Maud Wood Parks, of Boston, president, Mrs. George Gellhorn, of St. Louis, vice-president; Mrs. Pattie Ruffner Jacobs, of Birmingham, Alabama, secretary, and Mrs. Richard Edwards, of Indianapolis, treasurer. In various committees are the brainiest and most successful executive officers of the old organization for suffrage which began with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the National Women's Trade Union, is chairman of the Woman in Industry committee and her program is so aggressive as to cause some quakes, not alone among politicians who need every vote they can nail, but also in the mighty powers which rule the A. F. of L. Mrs. Robins conveys the impression that the labor association, though generally sympathetic to suffrage, has never been enthusiastic over obtaining industrial justice for women. Women will now obtain justice for themselves and incidentally, battling against the main defenses, will aim a few blows at side lines. The National League of Women Voters, according to instructions from the assembly which brought it into existence, will soon open headquarters in Washington and will prepare to descend on Congress for such legislation as is deemed vital to the interests of women and children. Their program is grand and aims to create what, a few years ago, would be called an

The thoughtful citizen would rejoice if the feminine vote, whether it be two and a half millions, three times less or three times more, could be unified to adjust the disgraceful situation which may be described as the public school system of the country. If the League of Voters intends to concentrate on feminine matters solely, this should be their paramount issue, for teaching in the national schools under the present conditions is more than nine-tenths an occupation for women. Fifty years ago it was a half-and-half proposition; the men taking the older pupils, the women the younger and more timid. It gradually declined, as the men found they could not support life nor assume any of its responsibilities while accepting the stipend allotted. Just before this country declared war on Germany, the Bureau of Education under the Department of the Interior gathered some figures by request of Congress. Sixteen men were found in every one hundred teachers and this included the technical and high schools, where the male faculty

predominates. In the months after the declaration of war and under the reconstruction, the number of male teachers declined to ten men for every ninety women.

And the average salary paid the teacher, being a woman, has been, as the retiring Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, stated, less than the day laborer's in the fields, far less than in factories, and considerably below that paid a kitchen maid. The general average has been something under \$700 for the entire country and when the concrete salary paid in states is examined, such a sum as \$290 is frequently en-

countered. Mississippi gives her elementary public school teachers that sum for five years and then advances the amount to \$325. Mr. Lane advised that this question be taken up by the nation and that to adjust it would not be either to shake the foundations of the state nor to make the treasury tremble for its existence. But the nation has too many problems, and since the voter at large has never taken the trouble to frame any legislation for the public schools, except on the sole basis of economy, it would be too much to expect competent and satisfactory action now, when there is such an assort-

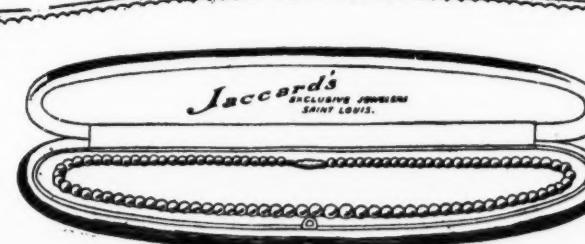
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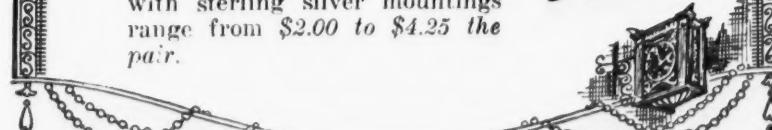
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ment of other vexatious issues awaiting action.

Logically the question goes to the woman voters and the eyes of the nation will be focused firmly on them, and their conduct in this emergency will be the criterion by which their sincerity in asking the ballot will be judged. The public school system of the nation has broken down utterly, and apparently beyond hope of renovation. The instructors who have suffered during all the years without hope of alleviation find release in other avocations and hasten to seize the opportunity. More than two hundred thousand teachers resigned during the past school year and there may be a higher number recorded when the next scholastic terms begins. Who is to fill their places? Benjamin Franklin once remarked that a boy's education began with his grandfather's. A serious

handicap the poor boy of today is receiving and surely without any fault of his own. It would be astounding to see the statistics of ill-prepared non-graduate teachers who have been "subbing" all these months, so far as the school year has passed. One may say the school authorities cannot help this condition. They must take first year high school girls or normal school pupils or close the schools. Also they must employ the nomadic band of teachers never successful or satisfactory who move about the country, trying out places and looking for the easiest hours and the highest salaries.

All the younger, more energetic and ambitious of those who have been employed long enough to be good and dependable teachers have resigned months ago to take up positions where they will receive a living wage. A man from Texas addressing a teachers' meeting not long ago told of a woman greatly esteemed in a small town of his state who had taught in the graded schools for fifteen years and received something less than a thousand a year. She resigned and opened a millinery shop, and in six months she cleared more than one thousand dollars. Now her business card relates that she was formerly teacher in such a school, but she found it more profitable to put hats on the heads of the girls than to put knowledge in them. A book could be written of the penuriousness of school boards and their injustice towards all teachers, men and women. It is within the power of woman voters to end this paltriness and discrimination, and while doing so, to confer a blessing without price on the nation, present and future.

ployed in any school or, if she be, it is in such a fractional proportion as to be negligible in the total count. For the qualities which make up a good teacher are merchantable on a higher commercial basis and have been negotiated by their possessors to the number of two hundred thousand during this year, with good chances of this number being doubled during next year.

♦♦♦

Robert had a new brother about three weeks old "Who does your little brother look like?" asked one of the neighbors "I don't know that he looks much like anybody," replied Robert. "He looks a little like ex-President Taft in the back of his neck."

♦

"Our new cook tells me she used to be assistant to a modiste." "Thank goodness! Then she'll know how to dress the salad properly."—*Baltimore American*.

♦

"Tell me, Mr. Wombat, of your early struggles." "Well, my mother says they were terrible when she wanted to scrub my ears."—*Kansas City Journal*.

♦

"Maud says she is twenty-seven. That was the age she gave several years ago." "Yes; that's one thing that hasn't advanced."—*Boston Transcript*.

♦

"Why is it your mother trusts us so seldom alone?" "She knows me better than you do, John."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Marts and Money

Heavy profit-taking notwithstanding, Wall street remains under the sway of the gospel of optimism. Declines are quickly succeeded by smart recoveries. Stocks of superior merits are in excellent demand. They are carefully selected by investors and speculators who believe that 1920 will be an *annus mirabilis*, financially and industrially. Some of the latest gains in values were quite extensive. They varied from five to forty points. While industrials still are the most popular issues, a great deal of capital is being invested in railroad securities. Dividend-payers are avidly absorbed during hours of reaction, especially such as are confidently expected to pay higher rates before a great while.

The opinion that private management will materially add to net revenues is widely prevalent. It is supported by utterances on the part of prominent high officials and by the steadily growing orders for new equipment. The competitive struggle is on in earnest all over the country. It radiates favorable influences in all directions. It again drives home the point that competition is the very life of economic progress. We have entered another great constructive era. The new remarkable railroad legislation, the rise in credit foreshadowed thereby and already noticeable in part, together with the victory won by the Kansas City Southern Railway Company in the valuation case are pointers deserving close cogitation. They cannot easily be overestimated.

The decision of the Federal Supreme Court, compelling the Interstate Commerce Commission to admit evidence as to the present values of properties, is in conformity with sound reasoning. It is in accord with some critical remarks on this very subject, made by me in the MIRROR at the time of the institution of the suit against the K. C. S. Real Estate constitutes about 20 per cent of total railroad valuation, and the Court ruling will, it is estimated, increase land values from 100 to 130 per cent. At present, the grand total of properties is approximately \$19,000,000,000. Since the new railroad act provides that rates must return at least 5½ per cent on property values, the K. C. S. decision will probably add \$200,000,000 or more per annum to the net income of the companies.

Respecting the money market, opinion is rather cheerful. Charges for optional loans range from 6 to 8 per cent. Payment of federal taxes didn't cause much of a flurry. They had been provided for in advance. Much importance is attached to anticipated arrivals of gold from Europe, from England and France in especial. The sum total is placed as high as \$250,000,000. A sum like this would furnish credit of nearly \$1,750,000,000. Information from London is to the effect that the British Government intends to redeem a substantial portion of its indebtedness to the United States this year. This accounts for another brisk spurt in the quotation for sterling bills, which touched \$3.75¾.

The weekly report of the New York clearing-house banks and trust companies reveals a gain of \$26,341,360 in surplus reserves, the exact figures being \$29,040,420. The exhibit gives us another striking illustration of the remarkable power of the new fiscal system

The Federal Reserve Bank's statement shows a ratio of total reserves to deposit and note liabilities of 38.5 per cent. According to the report of the Comptroller of the Currency, the country's national banks had total resources of \$22,711,375,000 on December 31, 1919. This indicates a gain of \$11,415,020,000, or more than 101 per cent since January 13, 1914. The total of circulating bank notes at the end of 1919 was \$685,769,000. This record implies an increase of \$4,819,000 since November 17, 1919. The last statement of the Federal Reserve Banks discloses a reserve ratio of 47 per cent, after the setting aside of 35 per cent against net deposit liabilities.

The establishment of a military dictatorship at Berlin had but slightly depressive effect on Wall street values. It is assumed that the *coup d'état* will not lead to such serious developments as to imperil the general political situation in Europe. The quotation for the German mark registered a trifling decline. It is about 1.25 cents at present, against a pre-war parity of 23.25. On the Cotton Exchange the speculative excitement is unabated. Spot cotton sold at 40 cents a pound lately, a new absolute maximum since the Civil War. The improvement in foreign exchanges, scarcity of supplies suitable for deliveries, and uneasiness regarding planting are responsible for the unusual state of affairs.

The aggregate of exports of cotton since August 1 is 4,460,000 bales, against 6,035,000 for the corresponding period in 1918-19. The situation is grave. It presages a long period of inordinately high quotations, for the leading manufacturing nations of Europe still report startling deficiencies in stocks on hand. As exchange rates advance, the foreign demand must necessarily show constant expansion. A year ago, cotton was quoted at about 30 cents a pound in New York.

The values of industrial and railroad bonds are firming up all along the line. Advances of three to five points are shown in many cases. Distinct relaxation in the money market will bring further increase in demand, both for institutional and private account.

Real estate authorities speak hopefully respecting the outlook for new construction. The present year is expected by some to be the greatest real estate period in the nation's history. The unparalleled renting conditions surely countenance this opinion. It is my belief, though, that the great period of building will be seen in 1921 and 1922, for most investors will prefer to await deflation in the prices of material.

Finance in St. Louis

Business continues to improve on the local stock exchange. According to the statements of prominent brokers, there's quite a demand for first-class securities and it wouldn't surprise them if the next three months were to bring substantial advances in quoted values. There's also a considerable inquiry for foreign bonds offering at unheard-of bargain prices. British, French and German Government municipal issues are especially favored. The market for banking shares is rather dull. In the latest dealings, Bank of Commerce, Boatmen's

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Bank, and Title Guaranty Trust were the only stocks changing hands. Prices paid were practically unchanged. The declaration of an extra 2 per cent, or 10 cents a share, on Indiana Refining caused some broadening of transactions in refining certificates. A series of sales of Indiana Refining were effected at 8.62%, while six hundred Marland brought 6.00.

Local Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
United States Bank.....	185	146
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	145	146
State National Bank.....	170	180
Title Guaranty Trust.....	71 3/4	75
United Railways 4s.....	48 1/2	49
East St. L. & Sub. 5s.....	50
Laclede Gas pfd.....	66 1/2
Certain-teed com.....	55
do 1st pfd.....	89 1/2	90
Indiana Refg.....	87 1/2	87 1/2
Laclede Steel.....	101
Tmentor A.....	41 3/4	42
do B.....	36 1/2
Ely & Walker com.....	197 1/2
do 1st pfd.....	101 1/2
do 2d pfd.....	84
International Shoe com.....	149 1/2
Brown Shoe com.....	96 3/4	99
do pfd.....	98
Scruggs com.....	87 1/2
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	83 1/2	9
do pfd.....	57	58
Marland Refg.....	53 1/2	6
National Candy com.....	147	149
Wagner Electric.....	160	160 1/2
Emerson Elec. pfd.....	99

Answers to Inquiries

T. W., Sedalia, Mo.—The dividend record of the American Sugar Refining Co. warrants the conclusion that the common stock can safely be regarded as an investment. The regular 7 per cent dividend has been paid for many years and extra disbursements were made in 1918 and 1920. The present quotation of 131 is fairly representative of intrinsic merits. The high record in 1919 was 148 3/4. It is more than possible that that figure may be eclipsed this year. The company's financial condition is sound.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis—(1) Don't sell your U. S. Food Products at a loss. The ruling price of 67 1/2 will look cheap before long.

The stock has already risen some \$14 since February 13. Signs of accumulation for a speculative clique have not been wanting. When the proper moment arrives, the stock will move up quickly. (2) Illinois Central 4s, of 1951, quoted at 83, are an excellent investment. The high marks in 1919 and 1918 were 88 and 95, respectively. The bonds should certainly suit your purposes.

K. D. R., Fort Wayne, Ind.—(1) Oil stocks representing mere prospects should not be bought for investment. They are gambles—nothing else. Many oil companies are organized by parties who intend to sell nothing but nicely engraved certificates. If you wish to buy something of this kind, select the stock of a company which has been producing the juice for some years and is paying dividends out of real surplus earnings. At all events—be careful.

IN DOUBT, Tecumseh, Neb.—Southern Railway preferred, quoted at 57, should have a material advance by and by. The 5 per cent dividend has regularly been paid since November, 1917. Under private control the company will probably earn at least 12 per cent. With cotton selling at or around 40 cents a pound, it would be ridiculous to be skeptical concerning railroad business in the South.

V. W. M., El Paso, Tex.—(1) The 6 per cent preferred stock of the American Beet Sugar Company is an investment, not a speculation in the real sense. The dividend has been paid since incorporation in 1899, and there can be no question that it will be paid a good many years longer. The common stock draws \$2 also. The preferred is almost exclusively owned by investors, there being very little available in Wall Street offices.



Two girls were quarreling. "You're always saying mean things about people," said one to the other. "The trouble with you is you've got a chauffeur's tongue." "A chauffeur's tongue?" echoed the other girl. "Yes," was the answer. "It's always running people down."



"Why have you quarreled with George?" "Because he proposed to me last night." "Well, there's no harm in that." "But I accepted him the night before."—*Stray Stories*.

The charming Fritz Scheff, "The Little Devil of Grand Opera," leads off the Orpheum bill for the week of March 22. As a light opera star, Fritz Scheff is as representative in the musical as Sarah Bernhardt in the dramatic world. Her dainty manner and stunning costumes are as much a part of her as is her operatically trained voice. Her Metropolitan Opera House reputation has been enhanced by her excursion into "two-a-day" vaudeville. Inhof, Conn and Corcene will offer their classic scream, "In a Pest House." They are inimitable in this travesty. Six other "supreme vaudeville" acts are announced: Muriel Window, "the little peacock of vaudeville"; Ernest Evans and Girls, society dancers; Martin Webb, character comedian, in "Cousin Giuseppe," a blend of instrumental and vocal music and character comedy; the Jazzland Naval Octette, featuring Tom (Trombone) Devaney and Company of U. S. Naval

boys who have seen "over there"; Joe Towle, a monologist of the "nut" variety; the Van Cellos, pedagogists, who out-Jap the Japs in pedal dexterity. Kograms and Topics of the Day remain exclusive features of the Orpheum Theatre, and are changed weekly with the program.



Ezra Mathews and his clever company, in one of the best one act comedies of the season, "Quick Sales," by Will M. Cressy, a comedian as well as the author of more successful vaudeville playlets than any other writer, will be the leading feature of next week's bill at the Grand Opera House. "Pot Pourri," a novelty, will have the position next the headliner. Nora Norine, a charming young soprano, will offer a 1920 song unit classic, "Rhyme and Rhythm." "The Coal Driver" is provided by Follette, Pearl and Wicks, three notable comedy and singing artists. The Three Jahns are phenomenal equilibrists. Saxton and Farrell will present Philip Bartholomew's new comedy skit entitled "Lights." Carleton and Belmont will contribute comedy talking and singing. Other attractions will be Joe Layaux, wizard of the piano accordion; The Brads, "Sunshine Cut Ups;" Pathé Weekly, Chester Outing, and Mutt and Jeff and a Sennett comedy, "The Two O'Clock Train."



Direct from the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, with the original scenery and cast, comes to the American Theatre next week "Angel Face," a champagne musical play to the lilt of Victor Herbert's rollicking, gay, sparkling, captivating rhythms. The engagement will begin Sunday evening with a zip and zestful zing, the funny book by Harry B. Smith, the lyrics by Robert B. Smith and elaborate settings and gowns. George W. Lederer is its producer. And the girls—such girls! Lots of 'em—singers, dancers, lookers, as a setting for a whole park of comedians.



The Aeroplane Girls top the Columbia program the last half of the current week in a bright, entertaining sensation, with a dash of Parisian "pep". The feature picture is Olive Thomas, a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, in "Youthful Folly," a story of her own make. The Four Harmony Kings, "A Symphony in Color," are prime favorites. Rawson and Clare have an apple-blossom, love-lit nature sketch entitled "Yesterdays." The Jack George Duo, a clever blackface comedian and a pretty sprightly miss illustrate "Shine Comicalities." "Silhouette Fun in Shadowland," an adaptation of old time shadowgraphy, is an entertaining act provided by The Stanleys.



Gilbert Chesterton, the English critic, when driving in an open car down Oxford Street and Piccadilly, attracted as much attention, owing to his great size and massive head, as the king going to open Parliament. "Why," exclaimed W. W. Ellsworth, the American publisher, "they all know you." "Yes," replied Chesterton in a grieved tone, "and if they don't they ask."

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THE GOLDEN WHALES OF CALIFORNIA by Vachel Lindsay. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.75.

This is the latest book by the most remarkable of all the contemporaneous singers in and of the United States. These poems, upon such various subjects as the title piece, Kalamazoo, John L. Sullivan, William Jennings Bryan, Ramees, Shanting to say nothing of lyrics that have the quality of jazz music combined with the fervor of a camp-meeting hymn, an experiment in polyphonic prose, after the manner of Amy Lowell, three or four poems on Roosevelt, numerous songs about the city of Springfield and Alexander Campbell the founder of the Christian Church, with all sorts of little lyrics which have a delightful child-like naturalism and withal something of the very spirit of the moving picture—these are songs which are a revelation of how, in an extreme modern manifestation, we discover a singer harking back to the very origins of poetry in utterances that take on the character of incantations. A book of poetry like no other book in the world.

PSYCHOANALYSIS: ITS HISTORY, THEORY AND PRACTICE by Andre Tridon. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$2.

This is a lucidly written primer of the new and fashionable science of character and conduct. It is but slightly technical and such terms are all explained in a glossary. Whenever possible Mr. Tridon presents the thought of American and foreign psycho-analysts in their own language. The relation of the scientist to ethics is shown; as, for instance, that a person with a slightly sadistic trend could be

made useful to society in the surgeon's profession or the occupation of a butcher, while a masochist could find useful employment suited to his unconscious desires in social work, nursing etc.

BEDOUINS by James Huneker. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$2.

Essays and some romantic sketches by a distinguished and veteran interpreter of the higher art and literature. Mr. Huneker deals with Mary Garden, Debussy, Chopin, Botticelli, Anatole France, Mirbeau, Caruso, etc. The work is sparkling with epigram and allusive persiflage. It is enriched with penetrating character-sketches of many artistic celebrities and it is relieved by a humorous cynicism as well as by an almost riotous enthusiasm, in which the author passes freely from classic speech to gaudy slang. The raptures on Mary Garden, of whom the book contains four exquisite photographs, are the poetry of criticism. Altogether the volume lives up to the previous splendid performances of this critic and analyst.

THE ARMY WITH BANNERS by Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.50. This is "A divine comedy of this very day, in five acts, scene indivisible, setting forth the story of a morning in the early millennium." The theme is Christianity and the travesty of it by the vast majority of its professors. It may be said to be a Passion Play. Its quality can be imagined by those familiar with the author's former noted book, "The Servant in the House."

LAW IN THE MODERN STATE by Leon Duguit, New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$2.50.

This work, by the professor of law in the university of Bordeaux, is translated by Frida and Harold Laski, the latter of whom, our most authoritative writer on the State, provides an interesting and illuminative introduction. The theme is the decline of the omnipotent state and the problems of representative government as effected by that decline. It is a searching analysis of jurisprudence.

THE OPIUM MONOPOLY by Ellen N. La Motte. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$1.

The author of "Peking Dust" treats in an absolutely friendly spirit the real evil maintained under British administration in the Far East. The argument is based upon facts and figures taken from the official Blue Book, showing that the opium evil has not been destroyed, as most people think. It is an appeal to an enlightened international conscience.

LIBERTY AND THE NEWS by Walter Lippmann, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, \$1.

A somewhat philosophic discussion of conditions in journalism brought about by the poisoning of news through propaganda. Mr. Lippmann seems to think that this condition can be cured by developing conscientious and truth-seeking reporters. Experienced journalists may object that what is more needed is conscientious proprietors, who are seldom developed out of reporters.

A WORLD REMAKING, OR PEACE FINANCE by Clarence W. Barron. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.75.

Mr. Barron is the author of several books upon finance and has high standing as such. Here he discusses the dramatic role played by finance in the world situation, ranging in operation from expenditures in propaganda to subtle manipulation in international credit and from conditions in Russia to the situation domestically with regard to shoes and machinery.

BOBBINS OF BELGIUM by Charlotte Kellogg. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$2.

This book tells the interesting story of the Belgian lace industry before the war and now. That industry is being reconstructed by the efforts of a number of generous-hearted women of this and other countries. There is a great deal of human interest in the book. It is more than a description of machinery and its product. The author is a member of the commission for relief in Belgium. There are good illustrations of the different kinds of lace produced at the different centers of this industry.

AN ETHICAL SYSTEM BASED ON THE LAWS OF NATURE by M. Deshumbert. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co., 75c.

This book has already passed through editions in seven different languages and will shortly appear in three others. It demonstrates the scientific value of moral living. The laws of right and wrong are the very laws of life and death. The translation from the French is by Lionel Giles, M. A.

PICTURE-SHOW by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.50.

Mr. Sassoon won attention and distinction about two years ago with his poems of the war entitled "Counter Attack." In this volume he descants upon the same theme with vivid expression and intense feeling. At times his muse is positively savage, although he is a master of gentler pathos when he wills. The volume is worthy of its dedication to John Masefield.

SOCIALISM VS. CIVILIZATION by Boris L. Brasol. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$2.

This is an explanation and refutation and general scaterring of Karl Marx's doctrines as they have been applied or misapplied in Russia under the revolution. He realizes that there are some things which socialism can and should do and suggests how they may be done. In any event, it seems that capitalism is on trial and likely to be sentenced and executed. There is an introduction by T. N. Carver, professor of political economy at Harvard University.

THE HESITANT HEART by Winifred Wells. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$1.

A collection of striking lyrics fitting well into the general scheme of the Huebsch publications of poetry. The author is familiar to readers of many of the best American literary periodicals. She sings with much sweetness of simplicity.

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO by John C. Van Dyke. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$2.

This book is made up of recurrent studies in impressions and appearances of the greatest, most majestic and kaleidoscopically beautiful of the natural wonders of the world. It is from the pen of a poet as well as a clear-eyed observer. Mr. Van Dyke has written about the desert in much the same vein and with finely evocative results in the reader. There is a map of the region and some very remarkable photographs.

SATIRE IN THE VICTORIAN NOVEL by Frances Theresa Russell. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$2.50.

The author is assistant professor of English in Stanford University and she dedicates her volume in Latin to David Starr Jordan and William James. The book is an interpretative study of almost the whole range of Victorian fiction, with the emphasis upon its satiric tendencies. The origin of this tendency is sought out and explained. Miss Russell would seem to have overlooked nothing germane to her subject, which she calls a monograph, although it is much like a library in one volume. There are excellent bibliographical notes and a fine index.

LUCA SARTO by Charles S. Brockes. New York: The Century Co., \$1.75.

A story of adventure in the fifteenth century, written by the author of the delightful "Chimney-Pot Papers" in the *Yale University Review*. Conspiracy, plot, danger, clocking of horses hoofs, the clash of swords, the eyes of lovely lasses and all the rest of the good old stuff of which we never weary when it is well done, as it certainly is in this volume.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM by Adriana Spadoni. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.90.

A novel of almost stupendous proportions purporting to be the life history of a modern American woman. At first her mind is only indifferently concerned with sex. Even mar-

riage hardly awakens her, though she swings through the arc of traditional and fundamental desire for home and children. Neither does an intensely emotional love affair suffice her. Just what does satisfy her in the end, the reader must be left to discover. The book is relieved by flashes of humor.

AMERICANS VERSUS BOLSHEVISM by Ole Hanson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The author was mayor of Seattle. There was a supposed Bolshevik rising which the mayor is supposed to have suppressed. Anyhow his being mayor at the time of the trouble made him a national figure and in this book he tells all about it. Mr. Hanson has taken on the tide of reaction against reform at its flood and it seems to be leading him on to fortune.

THE COCKPIT OF SANTIAGO KEY by David S. Greenberg. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.50.

A story for boys that keeps excitement and interest whooped up, not alone from chapter to chapter, but from page to page. It deals with life in Porto Rico and especially with the science and art of cock-fighting, as carried on in that possession, in defiance of American law. There is a spooky element in the book that adds to its palpable interest. Moreover, the book is an argument against the cruelty of the sport with which it deals.

WALT WHITMAN by Leon Bazalgette. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Leon Bazalgette, in France, devoted himself, even as did Horace Traubel in this country, and Mrs. Gilchrist in England, to the propaganda of the Whitman gospel. This volume is the summation of Bazalgette's work. It is at once a biography, a spiritual analysis and a literary criticism. It is interesting as an example of French clearness and distinction of literary expression. The translation is by Ellen Fitz Gerald of the department of English in the Chicago Normal College. Lovers of Whitman will find herein something new and true.

RUPERT BROOKE AND THE INTELLECTUAL IMAGINATION by Walter De La Mare. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, 50 cents.

A poet's address upon the life, character and work of another poet and a hero of the great war. No finer interpretation and appreciation of Brooke has yet appeared.

THE CITCHES (BOHEMIANS) IN AMERICA by Thomas Chepak. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$3.

The author of this book is an American banker. It is the first book dealing at all adequately with its subject. Mr. Chepak in an introduction tells of the slight literature in America touching upon this subject. The whole dramatic and romantic history of Bohemia is worked into this story. The book is illustrated with photographs of prominent Americans of Bohemian origin. The volume is a study of national, cultural, political, social, economic and religious life among a people who have played no small part in the development of the United States.

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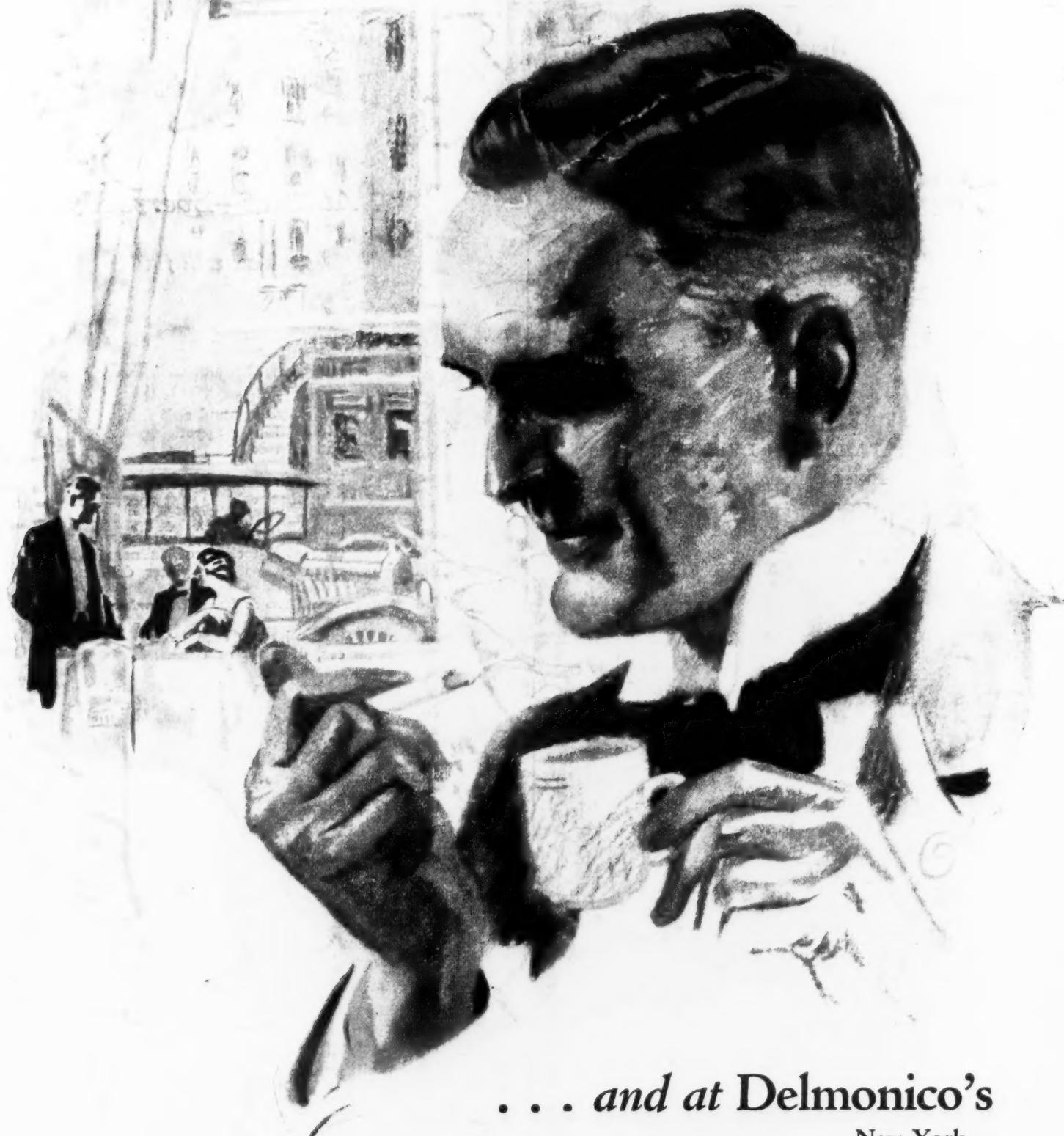
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